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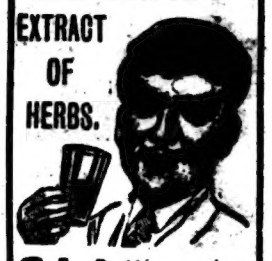

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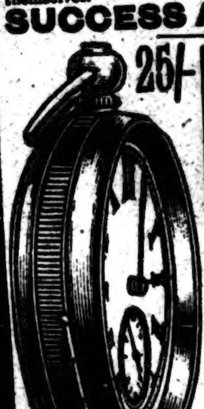
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(Signed) "W. HOWE,
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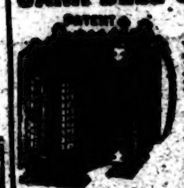

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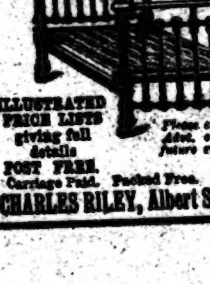

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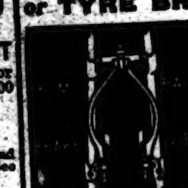

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TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

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Available from 5 p.m., Friday, June 29th, 1900, until midnight, Saturday, July 7th, 1900. For full particulars see page 868.

No. 520.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JULY 7, 1900. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [ONE PENNY.

Patience Extraordinary.

A DEAR old country parson and his wife paid a visit to the seaside. While the simple pair were walking on the beach one evening they suddenly noticed the revolving light of a lightship.

The old lady gazed at it with open eyes for some minutes, then she turned to her husband with a puzzled look:

"Well," she exclaimed, "if the man in that ship hasn't lit that light this forty times, and it has gone out every time."

JAKES: "I want a gold ring eighteen onions fine."

Jeweller: "I presume you mean eighteen carats?"

Jakes: "That's it, sir. Eighteen carats. I knowed it were a vegetable."

Those Horrid Rates.

"I DON'T know what is coming to us," sighed Mrs. Jones, as she handed the paper over to her husband, "I'm sure things is bad enough already."

"Why, what's the matter now, my dear?" murmured John, with a mouthful of muffin.

"Matter, indeed," snorted Mrs. Jones, "just like you men; haven't the poor rate, water and other rates all been increased, and now the papers say the birth rate is going up. They ought to—— Now, John, what are you laughing at?"

MISS GADDY: "Freddy Fethered reminds me of a barometer."

Miss Wunder: "Why?"

Miss Gaddy: "Oh, he can't talk of anything except the weather."

They Could Not Frighten Him.

IN an old-fashioned churchyard in Scotland, a pile of skulls and bones had been turned up in the process of grave-digging.

Some ploughmen, who were working in a field adjoining, offered the half-wit of the village five shillings to go at night and remove one. The lad agreed to go, and started in the dark. An ambush had been laid to frighten him, and as he lifted up one skull, a hollow voice called:

"That's mine!"

"A' richt!" said the lad, laying the ghastly thing down to lift up another.

Again came from the darkness a voice: "That's mine!"

"Gae awa', ye havering idiot! Ye canna' hae twa skulls!"

ALICK and Jeannie had been quarrelling and fighting in spite of their receiving repeated warnings from papa.

"Come here," he exclaimed at last, "I am going to punish you. Who shall I start with?"

"Please, papa, ladies first," said the wily Alick.

The Only Alternative.

"MARIE," he cried, in desperation, "I shall wait no longer. Either you must consent to become my wife or end this farce. Your repeated delays are killing me."

"Very well, Hubert," she answered calmly, "if you take that ground, there is but one alternative for me."

She drew off the diamond ring which sparkled on her finger and handed it to him. He took it sadly, and bitterly exclaimed:

"Oh, false, cruel girl, to thus carelessly trample upon a heart whose every throb is for you alone! For this bauble I have no further use. Let it perish, as I hope may also the love of which it was the emblem."

His hand was raised to throw the ring into the grate, but she grasped it quickly.

"I merely wished to say, Hubert, that I would like you to have the wedding ring made just a trifle smaller than this."

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Pretty Fair World, After All.

WITH eyes of many colours, many hues,
We look at things and all get different views;
But when we meet, and view with view compare,
Why, bless your hearts, all things look pretty fair.
Indeed they do,
Despite what some declare;
For it is true
That things look pretty fair.

We speak in many tongues these latter days,
And find more faults to blame than good to praise;
But when the speech is done to the last letter,
Each one admits this world is getting better.
Indeed they do,
Despite of faults that fetter;
For it is true
This world is getting better.

Even the ones that wore the narrow face,
And said that we were heading for some place,
Now hug a thought, a haunting, shadowy shape,
Half fear, half hope, that we may yet escape.
Indeed they do,
That by scratch and scrape
We might pull through
And barely escape.

Oh! it is good to live these latter days—
So good we just would like to live always;
For we are getting better everywhere
And all around us things look pretty fair.
Indeed they do,
Despite what some declare;
For it is true
That things are pretty fair.

BARMAN (to rough-looking customer who is breaking one of the rules of the place by smoking): "Excuse me, sir, but haven't you seen that notice, 'Gentlemen are requested to refrain from smoking?'"

Customer: "Oh, yes, I saw it; but I ain't no gentleman!"

Wanted to be Safe.

HE was a big Irishman, and his name was Pat. He was fixing the telephone wires and whistling to himself as he worked. Just then a milkboy came driving down the street, and Pat made a fatal mistake. Instead of attending to his own business he tried to work and watch the reckless driver at the same time. The consequence was that he did neither. What he did do was to lose his footing. There was a cry of horror from the bystanders below, echoed by a lusty yell from above.

Every breath was suspended, and then a shout of relief went up from the crowd. Pat had made a frantic dive for the wire and had caught it.

"Hold on, Pat!" shouted someone who knew him. "We will get you down somehow!"

"Run for a mattress!" yelled one intelligent individual.

"Get a ladder from somewhere!" bawled another.

"Somebody do something!" commanded a philanthropic-looking individual indignantly. "The man can't hold on for ever! I say, do something!" he shouted, getting very red in the face and dancing around excitedly.

Only one man in the crowd did not say anything—he was busy climbing up the telephone pole.

The excited crowd condescended to notice him, finally, and saw his intention.

"Hold on, Pat; help is coming!" they shouted with one voice.

Then a wave of horror swept over the crowd. The man suspended between the earth and heaven suddenly loosened his hold and fell backward, striking the ground with a sickening thud.

"He is dead!" groaned the crowd, and men covered their faces from the sight.

But he wasn't. An Irishman has as many lives as a cat. When Pat came to, and sat up dizzily, trying to realise that he was once more on *terra firma*, someone said to him:

"What did you let go for, Pat? Why didn't you hold on a little while longer?"

"Be jabers!" replied Pat, earnestly, "Oi was afraid the wire would break!"

Amongst the Aristocracy.

AN old farm labourer was observed by his master blowing his nose with a handkerchief which had many likenesses printed on it, such as the Queen, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir George White, Kruger, and many other notable personages.

"Bill," said he, "why do you use a handkerchief like that?"

"Well, sir," replied the labourer, "it's the only chance I have of getting me nose among the aristocracy."

TEACHER: "Now, boys, who can tell me which is the most difficult thing to acquire in cycling?"

Chorus of Yells: "The bicycle, sir."

Logic.

A FEW weeks ago a young lad presented himself at the shop of a local butcher, and when the burly proprietor appeared gave a small order.

"You don't buy so much meat now as you did in the summer," remarked the butcher.

"No," responded the lad, "and it's because father has become a vegetarian."

"Well, my lad," came the grave retort, "you give your dad warning from me that, as a rule, wegitarians come to a wiolent end. Take a bullock—'e's a wegetarian. Wot's the result? Why, 'e's cut off sudden, in 'is wery prime."

FIRST MAN (excitedly): "Our restaurant is on fire."

Second Man (calmly): "Come, then, hurry up, and perhaps at last we may be able to get something hot."

Practice *versus* Preaching.

ROBINSON (looking on): "Bad news from the front, Tomkins. British surrounded and many prisoners taken."

Tomkins (from interior of his fowl-run, which he is repairing): "What! more blind, blundering stupidity! Well, upon my soul, what with this idiotic War Office and the sweet simplicity of our Generals, we have become the laughing-stock of all Europe!" (Savagely nails up last lath.) "How the dickens any body of intelligent men with eyes in their heads can get themselves caged up in this extraordinary way beats me altogether!"

Robinson: "I say, old chap, how are you going to get out of that fowl-run?"

Tomkins: "Eh, get out! Great Kruger! I haven't fenced myself right in, have I?"

HARRY (yelling up the staircase): "Ethel, have you got your shoes on yet?"

His Sister: "Yes."

Harry: "Then throw me down your button-hook. I'm putting on a new collar."

A Kind Friend.

IN a certain Highland village there lives an old body familiarly known as "Grannie," who is a most inquisitive person, and, as a result, can "go through" the history of all the families in the neighbourhood.

On a recent occasion she "kittled" the temper of old John, the carrier, by her injudicious "speerin'."

A few days afterwards, as the result of an accident, John did not arrive at the village till long after midnight, and, instead of going by the direct road, he went round by "Grannie's," stopped his horse at the door, and knocked on the window, when the following colloquy was heard:

John; "Are ye in, Grannie?"

Grannie: "Ay, wha's there?"

John: "It's me."

Grannie: "Oh, it's you, John. What's wrong?"

John: "Oh, naething much, Grannie; but, as I hae a grand new chest o' drawers on my cart for Mrs. Bruce's dochter, wha's gettin' mairrit next week, I thocht ye wad jist like to ken."

The Twentieth Century Begins on January 1st, 1901, and Potchefstroom is the Capital of the Transvaal.

IF IT'S IN P.W. IT'S SO.

HOW IT WAS FINISHED.

By George Day.

"Well, it's no use," groaned the manager of the Grand Theatre, throwing himself back in his arm-chair and staring moodily in front of him; "the piece is a failure, and that's all about it."

"It seems so," assented his secretary in his usual deferential tone. "Last night's house was a very poor one."

"The critics gave it a slating the first night," resumed the manager, half to himself, half to the secretary, "but I thought that was a bit of spite for my innovation about the press tickets. Unluckily, the public think the same as the critics about the play, for they show their opinion pretty plainly during the performance. I shall have to withdraw it, and I haven't another piece to put on just yet."

"I hear that Wing has a play nearly finished," began the secretary. But the manager interrupted him impatiently.

"I've hopelessly offended Wing—I seem to have rubbed most of them the wrong way from some cause or the other. I'd try a revival, but revivals are not popular just at present. I wish some new genius would come along with a play!"

He turned round and idly opened the drawers of his desk.

He had no definite object in so doing; he was in great perplexity and did it for want of some more congenial employment. His fortunes had been at a low ebb for some time and things were getting serious.

"Bother the drawer," he muttered irritably as he tried to pull out the bottom drawer and found that it would not yield to persuasion. "Too full, of course, and something has got wedged. What on earth have you stuffed in this one, Blake?"

"Nothing, Mr. Watson," replied the secretary stiffly. He was a very orderly man, and in addition he never had the key of that drawer. He did not trouble to state the latter fact, feeling that his employer ought not to require reminding of it.

"Oh, it's all right!" exclaimed Watson apologetically. "Come out!"—this with a vigorous pull—"Ah, at last! Now let's see what rubbish there is in here to be thrown away."

For the next ten minutes or so, there was silence, broken only by the scratching of Blake's pen and the occasional sound of paper being torn, as the manager destroyed some useless document.

Suddenly, he uttered an exclamation that made Blake look up.

"I say, Blake," said Watson, wheeling round in his swivel chair, "why didn't we return this manuscript? It's dated two years ago."

Watson was very particular on that point; it was a rigid rule with him to be careful about the return of the manuscripts submitted to him for consideration, and the sight of the one he was now holding puzzled him exceedingly.

"Whose is it?" asked Blake.

"The author's name is not a known one, you may bet," returned the manager grimly, "or we should have been asked for it long ago. I'm vexed about this, Blake; but there must have been some reason for keeping it."

Blake arose, walked round his own table and looked over the manager's shoulder.

"'The Life that was Wrecked,' he read. "H'm, not much of a title. What's the writer's name? H. Norland. Ah, yes, I seem to remember the play, now!"

"Well, what about it?" asked Watson.

"It was sent in and you asked me to read it, as usual. I remember that it was a drama of real life in four acts; I thought that the first three acts were very good—capital dialogue, good situations, but the last act was altogether weak. Yes, that was it! You said that you would consider it, and get the author to re-write the last act."

"So it got put in here and forgotten. Very well, I'll read it now; don't interrupt me any more, please."

Blake retired to his seat in high dudgeon. Watson was certainly much out of sorts to-day.

"I say, Blake, this is a rattling good play, except the last act?" cried Watson, later, as he laid down the manuscript. "We can make something of that and I'll put it on! It won't require any special accessories. Write to the man and tell him that the play is accepted, and I'll sign the letter."

"But are you sure of it?" inquired the secretary, dubious about the hasty decision. "Hadn't you better——"

"You write that letter," interrupted the manager. "It's a good thing. But the deserted husband shooting himself at the end, after having committed his little girl to the care of the doctor—that's too thin."

The letter was written and dispatched to the address given. In order to save time, the messenger attached to the manager's office was ordered to take it personally. It informed Mr. H. Norland that his play was accepted, subject to an alteration of the last act, and requested him to call the next morning at eleven o'clock with reference to the proposed alteration.

* * * * *

The scene is changed. The first floor apartments over Mrs. Garrett's shop consisted of two fair-sized rooms, the back one—in consequence of some freak of the builder, probably—being larger than the front room; it is in the back room that the next scene is laid.

"Father, won't you drink some of this medicine now? It will do you good and cool the fever, the doctor says. You have been very bad and dreaming some nasty dreams."

The girl, who was about nine years of age, leaned over the edge of the bed and held a wine glass to her father's lips. Mechanically he raised himself on his elbow and slowly drank out of the glass as she held it.

"How do you know that I have had a bad dream, Kitty?" he asked suddenly as the child's words came back to him. He turned his pale emaciated face towards her with an air of anxious inquiry.

"Because you have been talking in your sleep and crying, daddy," replied the child softly. "You talked of mamma, and you—you cried." The child's voice trembled at the mention of her mother.

"What did I say about her?" The man raised himself on his elbow once more and uttered the words in a tone of feverish haste. "Tell me what I said, Kitty, quick!"

"You said that she had gone away and left you," was Kitty's unsteady response. "You meant that she was dead, didn't you, daddy? And you cried because she was dead, didn't you? You've told me many times that she was dead."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the sick man. "Yes, that's right; that's what I meant! Didn't I say anything else—not anything?"

"You said it a lot of times, and you talked to yourself—so quiet that I couldn't hear."

The sick man heaved a sigh of relief and fell back.

"I thought I had been saying a lot of nonsense about your mother going away," he explained. "People say a number of stupid things when they have the fever as bad as I have. But you mustn't take any notice of them if I do, Kitty, dear. And be careful that you don't talk to Mrs. Garrett about it, Kitty."

The child assured him that she would not breathe a word to that good-natured, but loquacious lady; then she continued:

"Were you very, very fond of mamma? Is that why you cry because she left you—and me?"

"I loved her—oh, so dearly, Kitty! But she is dead now and you must not worry about her any more."

"She was pretty, wasn't she?" persisted the child.

"Very pretty," answered her father emphatically.

"And was she very fond of you, too?"

A spasm of pain crossed the sick man's countenance, which he hid from the child's gaze by throwing his arm over his head.

"Yes, Kitty," he replied, steadying his voice by an effort, "she did love me very dearly—once," he added, under his breath.

"Father," said the child, after a short pause, "are you going to leave me, too?"

"What makes you ask that question, child?"

"I heard Mrs. Garrett say that it couldn't be long now—and—oh, daddy, are you going to die?"

And with a bitter sob the girl flung herself on the bed and cried as if her heart would break.

Her father passed his hand caressingly over her silken hair and tried to soothe her.

"Mrs. Garrett talks too much, and she does not know," he said. "Don't worry your pretty head, my dear."

"But the doctor told her so, daddy, and he knows."

While he was revolving in his mind what he should say to the child, she looked up and gave utterance to another question that startled him.

"Daddy, is mamma really dead? Because, I think I saw her this morning when I went out for a run up and down."

"What do you mean?" gasped he, staring at her with an expression of terror.

"A woman came up to me in the street this morning and asked me if my name was Kitty Norland," explained the child, looking timidly at her father. "And when I said that was my name, she put her arms round me and kissed me, and told me to be a good girl and look after my father. She was like that picture of mamma which you have shown to me, only not so pretty, and older."

"You mustn't speak to her," cried Norland, sitting bolt upright in the bed this time and clutching at the child with both hands. "She wants to do you harm and she will take you away if you stop and talk to her—away from your father. She wants you to leave me as she did."

"But, daddy, you say she is dead." The child's eyes were wide open and staring into those of her father with a mystified expression.

At that moment Dr. Hodson entered the room and relieved Norland from the necessity of replying to Kitty's question.

"How are you now, Norland?" was the doctor's greeting. "A little better than when I came this morning, eh?"

"A little better, I think, doctor," returned Norland wearily. "Kitty," he added to his daughter, "go into the front room and look out of the window while I talk to Dr. Hodson. We shan't be long."

The child obeyed somewhat unwillingly. When she was gone Norland spoke again.

"Hodson, she has come back; she has seen Kitty!"

"You mustn't excite yourself, Norland. It is probably some fancy on the part of Kitty—or yourself. You have been raving a great deal lately." So saying, the doctor gently forced his patient back on the pillows and, taking his wrist, felt the pulse attentively. "Yes, I was afraid you had; now you really must keep quiet."

"Hodson, we've been friends for years, haven't we? Well, I want you to tell me the plain truth. How long have I to live?"

The doctor made no reply, but pretended to be looking at the medicine bottle. Norland, however, was not to be put off in that way; he put the question again, this time more urgently.

"I am sorry to say," began Hodson, seeing that Norland insisted upon having an answer, "that I do not expect you will last another week."

His heart smote him as Norland uttered a groan of anguish.

"Poor Kitty," he moaned, the tears starting to his eyes, "when I am gone what is to become of her? Hodson, dare I ask you to give another proof of your friendship, promising to take care of her when——"

The doctor thought of the numerous family at home, which was already taxing his resources, and asked himself whether he ought to add to the existing burden; but the appeal, backed up by a glance at the pallid countenance and the thought of Kitty—of whom he was fond—being taken to the workhouse, overcame his scruples.

"I will take her," he said bravely, yet cheerily, "and she shall become one of my own children."

"Have you finished?" Kitty came running in from the front room at that moment. "Here is a man with a note for daddy; he is at the door of the other room."

"I will see who it is," said the doctor. "Kitty will stay here with you."

Access to the back room was obtainable through folding-doors from the front room, there being no separate door to the back room on the landing as there usually is. The doctor passed through the open wing of the folding door and closed it carefully behind him.

"Oh, here you are," said a voice. "I've had no end of trouble to find you. Here's a note from Mr. Watson, the manager of the Grand Theatre."

"Mr. Norland is very ill just now and in bed," replied Dr. Hodson. "He will send an answer as soon as possible. Good day."

"So they have accepted my play after all this time!" sighed Norland a few moments later.

"I don't know why I wrote that chapter of my life history. But the proceeds will help to pay you for Kitty, Hodson."

* * * * *

It is four days later, and we are back again in the manager's office.

He is seated at his desk, opening letters.

"This is a bother, Blake," he says, running his fingers through his hair.

"No letter from that man Norland yet. I've put the play in rehearsal! If he doesn't turn up, we shall have to go and see him or write a new fourth act ourselves."

"If we don't hear from him by this afternoon, send a note by Butcher to say that you will call upon him to-morrow," suggested the secretary.

"It seems a very good piece; it really reads like a chapter of the man's own history; I hardly think that he could have raked up so much pathos and such good stuff out of his imagination. He is not a regular hand at it, you see. The chief character is well drawn," pursued Mr. Watson. His great love and sacrifice for his pretty wife; his grief when she runs away with the ring-master of the circus at which they were both engaged. Then he tells the child that she is dead—it wouldn't disgrace Wing to be the writer of that play, by jove!

"We must call upon him, then, Blake," he said. "It's a bit *infra dig.* for me to make a call of this kind; it isn't as if it were Wing."

By the bedside of the dying man stood Dr. Hodson and Kitty. Norland was holding one of the child's hands in his feeble grasp.

"Oh, daddy, daddy, don't go away and leave me!" sobbed the girl. "I don't want to lose you!"

"You will be happier, Kitty, with your new brothers and sisters," he returned soothingly. "Hodson, I know you will look after her. I feel that I have only a few moments left. Lift her up so that I can kiss her."

The doctor did so, but when Norland wanted to give the doctor a farewell grasp, the latter turned and beckoned to a figure in the doorway. The next instant a woman was on her knees near the child at the bedside.

"Oh, Harry, Harry, don't die without saying that you forgive me! I have wronged you cruelly, but oh, Heaven! how bitterly I have repented!"

Norland opened his eyes with a start and a cry; Kitty glanced wonderingly from one to the other. And none of them noticed that Watson and Blake, tired of not getting any answer to their knocking, had entered the front room, and were standing in the open doorway.

"Go away from here!" cried Norland to the weeping woman. "Why do you come to disturb my last moments? I have no forgiveness for you; you are dead to me."

"Oh, Harry!" wailed the woman. "For Heaven's sake, do not speak like that! I have come back to ask your pardon; I could not bear the thought that you should die and not forgive me!"

Watson nudged Blake.

"He has re-written the last act and they are rehearsing it before he has the interview with us. Sounds all right, doesn't it? Hush!"

"I do not want you," cried the sick man harshly. "You left me!"

Again a wail of utter despair came from the kneeling sinner. Then the sound of a child's voice was heard.

"Daddy, daddy, this is mamma come back again. You said she was dead, and you cried for her ever so many times! And you said the other day that you were so fond of her. And here is dear mamma not dead any more, but alive and back again, and now you don't want her. Daddy, you are ill and forget; you do want her, don't you?"

"Splendid!" whispered Watson to his companion. "It will go down on the boards but I admit it's a little too real for a rehearsal and I feel uncomfortable."

The woman had thrown her arms round the neck of the daughter she had abandoned when she had deserted her husband, and was once more imploring pardon.

"Daddy," whispered Kitty, "look at mamma—she is crying because you don't want her."

A great struggle was going on in the breast of Henry Norland, but the last appeal broke down his resistance. He stretched out his hand and clutched that of his wife.

"Marian," he breathed, "I forgive you, for Kitty's sake. No, I must not pass to judgment and be guilty of refusing forgiveness to the repentant. Yes; for the sake of the little one and my own great love for you in the old days!"

A smile came to his lips—such a happy smile! His eyes closed! there was a sigh—and the life that was wrecked had reached its conclusion.

Watson and Blake stared at one another; for the first time they understood. It was real, and the last act of the play was written!

Who so funny as W. L. A'den? This ever-humourous humourist begins in the July PEARSON'S another series of his random notes on life as he finds it. Read "From China to Peru," and you will laugh until you ache.

WANTED—A NEW N.R.A.!

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION—ORIGINALLY A CIVILIAN SCHEME—HAS NOW BECOME A SEMI-MILITARY AFFAIR.

ONE of the objects of the National Rifle Association is to promote and encourage rifle shooting throughout the Queen's dominions, and for that purpose it was founded in 1860, mainly through the untiring efforts of Lord Elcho (now Earl Wemyss), and it received a charter of incorporation ten years ago.

An association starting with such high-placed and patriotic intentions, it is only meet and salutary to observe, should be accorded the best welcome and receive valuable support from those who find in shooting a pastime worthy of the best traditions and the characteristic applause of sport-seeking Britishers, for such an organisation based on the principles put forward as their programme would guarantee protection of the shooting rights of citizens, and tend to develop their education in the art of handling that particular weapon made for defence in the time of warfare, the rifle.

So long as the National Rifle Association kept to that objective principle and provided all that was needed for inspiring enthusiasm, among other things for the shooting competitions, first at Wimbledon and now at Bisley, it was a very welcome body; but it has changed its tune, and there have been times, too, when the N.R.A. has been described as "an association maintained for the benefit of pot-hunters." But, of course, in respect of the latter description, every public organisation, every public body, every public man, is open to a surfeit of unfavorable criticism at times, whether such criticism be fair or not; but there are critics, at any rate, who, besides saying that it has deteriorated, aver with some show of truth that

THE N.R.A. IS NOT NATIONAL,

and that it has always had but a very meagre right to that descriptive designation.

But to go back to the original argument, it must be said that the National Rifle Association has departed from its old programme, that main object for which it was avowedly founded. There is a feeling that it has cultivated a too warm friendship with the War Office and to a great extent fallen in with the methods of the latter, a fact which has rather disgusted some of the votaries of the N.R.A. as it was.

These declare that the Association has spread its wings far away into the recesses of the Pall Mall establishment, and permitted the authorities there to clip them as they would; in other words, that the association by courting the War Office has lost its independent authority, has lost the value of its charter and the confidence of outsiders, and thereby reduced the long lease of its life, as it is now regarded as just a little bit better than a useless body for the civilian shot.

This change of front or digression from its plain duty has been effected in a very natural way. It has been delineated by the hand of a certain official at the War Office, high-placed and powerful, who also happens to be a member of the council of the association, and whose power and influence are felt in both places.

Sinister motives are not, it goes without the saying, imputed to the gallant officer upon whose shoulder critics lay their fingers, but, at the same time, it is not desirable that matters, which the N.R.A. was established to settle, should be seen

THROUGH WAR OFFICE SPECTACLES,

which are obviously opaque when fixed to look upon things and matters which are not wholly those of the Army.

The report is rife that but for the presence of that certain War Office official on the council of the association it is very doubtful whether the N.R.A. would have been approved as the official centre empowered to regulate local rifle clubs, or, if approved, whether the association, if it acted independently, would have consented to the absurd conditions relative to rifle clubs which have just been formulated.

The N.R.A. is a powerful organisation—or it ought to be—and glancing at the brilliant names of those of its members who are on the council it would be an easy matter for them to force the hands of the War Office in defence of those civilians anxious to become shots, and who require easier facilities for giving effect to their desires in that direction than the War Office allows. In the face of the present conditions, the patriotic ardour of those willing to give their time—like the Volunteers—in order to become proficient in the handling of the rifle will be damped, for the N.R.A. has assumed a position in the matter of rifle clubs, which can only be characterised as austere and really unfriendly.

It is no secret that the War Office does not approve of what it calls promiscuous shooting, and while pretending to help clubs through the N.R.A. it is doing its best to prevent their growth, as judge its conditions already published.

And what the War Office says in these matters, the N.R.A. stamps with its official cognizance.

Wherein does the N.R.A. "promotion and encouragement of shooting" come in?

And how is Lord Salisbury's wish, that every man should know how to shoot, to have effect if the whole scheme is to be bridled with the reins of an association which started as the people's own, but which, so it is thought by people who know, has sadly deteriorated into a mere puppet of the War Office?

The following are some examples of the fine dilettantism of the N.R.A. in respect of rifle clubs:

"Rules and regulations of each club must be approved by the National Rifle Association.

"Every range must be approved by the proper military authorities.

"On no account are rifles or ammunition to remain in the possession of individual members."

The first of the above is ridiculous. Why should your rules and regulations have to be submitted to 12 Pall Mall East? Who should understand them better—you or strangers? Surely it ought to be left to the organisers of a club to know what suits their fellows best.

With respect to the second condition it is a well-known fact that the War Office is closing down ranges every day, and yours must be a very excellent one to have been passed by the War Office. The Pall Mall authorities do not like ranges, and even officers of Volunteer regiments complain and go in dread of War Office red-tapeism in the matter of their ranges.

What chance, then, has a raw and unsophisticated rifle club, for the most part composed of people who have never handled a rifle in their lives, to get the War Office to pass a range when Volunteer ranges are being closed down for the most absurd reasons?

The War Office—"the proper military authorities"—has taken a definite line of policy with respect to ranges used by people other than soldiers, and their action tends

TO DISCOURAGE GENERAL SHOOTING.

The third regulation is "idiotic." It means that the War Office cannot trust British subjects "lest they forget," and become an armed mob. You pay for your rifles, but you must not take them home, lest they tempt you to become ruffians!

Volunteers are allowed to take their rifles home—why not civilians? If the argument is raised that the name and address of every volunteer is in the Government archives, then the name and address of every civilian owning a rifle can be registered, and a certificate given him, free of cost.

What is wanted is a free issue of arms to properly-formed clubs, while an independent central controlling body should be formed—neither the N.R.A. nor the War Office—a new body composed of reputable civilians, a controlling centre that shall be the responsible agent of all rifle clubs, and one that shall not play into the hands of any military or semi-military body. Above all, it must be independent.

All clubs affiliating with the N.R.A. are to have rifles at cost price, and 100 rounds of ammunition per annum per man. In a sense that, perhaps, is a

A BAIT FOR CLUBS

whose members are not sufficiently strong in number to buy a couple of rifles in the open market, but why should it be made only on condition that your club submits itself to the vagaries of the N.R.A.? The Swiss Government supplies rifles and ammunition at much below cost price to local rifle clubs, lets the men take their rifles home, opens ranges for them, and assists them in every way.

But whatever dissatisfaction is felt generally—and it is spread all over the country—in respect of rifle clubs and the N.R.A., it is but a small matter when compared with the intense feeling, a very bitter feeling, displayed by crack and other shots with regard to the new conditions recently formulated for shooting in the big competitions at Bisley this year.

Bisley is forecast as a failure this season.

In past years you knelt at 200 yards, you were prone at 500, and you assumed any position at 600. Beginning this year you are to stand at 200 yards, kneel at 500, and are prone at 600.

These conditions are said by crack shots to be impossible, and the association, which forty years ago was formed to promote and encourage shooting, has gone the way of blocking it with the imposition of

THESE NEW CONDITIONS.

In actual warfare no army has ever been known to stand up before an enemy at 200 yards.

If, then, shooting is to practise for the field, why not encourage and foster those same conditions which are common to the field of battle? But apart from that academic question, the new positions indicated for Bisley are not only false in warfare, but they are, as we have said, impossible. We cast our eye over the scoring sheet of a well-known rifle club the other day and were not surprised to find the averages of crack shots reduced to over fifty per cent., shooting under the new conditions. The result of such a sorry exhibition is to mark the absence of many a known shot from Bisley this year.

Had the N.R.A. turned towards the volunteers and invited opinions from them as to how to get over the difficulty of the old form of scoring, which, to be just to the association, was a puzzle, they would have had the advice: "Take away the targets altogether at 200 yards, and let us shoot at figures, say a head and shoulders; all hits to count."

But the N.R.A., becoming more and more a military organisation and working cheek by jowl with the War Office, snubbed those whose shooting it was intended to "promote and encourage," and sought the opinions of those authorities who do not profess to know much about shooting beyond the capacity of dictating.

In a Village Alehouse.

FIRST YOKEL: "Hullos, Giles! Be there any more news from up town o' this 'ere war?"

Second Yokel: "Oi! Oi heerd the postmaster say as the Bores had took Exception."

First Yokel: "Did he say where they took it to?"

Second Yokel: "Oi! He says, says he, the Bores has took Exception to Lyddite, he says. Them's Dutch parts, I s'pose."

A New Dish.

IT was off the Friendly Isles, and the captain had invited the officers of another ship to dinner.

Having been at sea for some time the food was rather scanty, but the steward made the best of it.

On the menu figured mutton entrées.

It happened that the coxswain was employed to assist in waiting, and it fell to his lot to take round the dish. The man seemed rather surprised at the steward's directions, and sauntered very calmly round the table, muttering to himself:

"Mutton on trees! Mutton on trees! Shure, they're mighty lucky to get mutton on plates at such times as these!"

Couldn't Resist Them.

WHEN Dickerson arrived home from the office the other night his wife met him at the door of the flat with a significant smile upon her face. Dickerson's heart sank within him. He had seen that smile before and knew what it meant.

"I hope, my dear," he began in the tone of feeble remonstrance peculiar to married men, "I hope you have not been attending any more of those bargain——"

But at this point Mrs. Dickerson, her smile undisturbed by the gently implied reproach, took her husband by the arm and led him through to the drawing-room. With a dreadful sense of foreboding the poor man perceived that the diminutive room was almost filled by a heap, which, in the dusk of the evening, bore a striking resemblance in size and shape to a full-grown elephant.

Dickerson hastily struck a match and applied it to the gas. Then he saw that the heap was not an elephant nor any other living thing. It was composed of several layers, each of which was thickly padded and of a bright, not to say gaudy, colour.

"Great Christopher!" exclaimed Dickerson in an advanced stage of bewilderment. "What is it?"

"It!" repeated Mrs. D. scornfully. "That's just like a man. It isn't an 'it' at all. It's a 'them.'"

"Oh, I see," said Dickerson, not much enlightened. "Well, what are they? Tell me quick."

"Why, they are bed quilts, stupid."

"Bed quilts!" echoed the astonished man; "I say, how many have you got there?"

"Just a dozen," was the glad response.

"A dozen?" groaned Dickerson. "A dozen bed quilts for two people! In the name of all that's mysterious, why did you get so many?"

Mrs. Dickerson beamed triumphantly upon her husband. "Because," she answered, "they were every one of them marked 'down.'"

FIRST CORRESPONDENT: "A native runner has arrived, but the Boers waylaid him, and he swallowed his dispatches."

Second Correspondent: "Oh, well, that's probably more than the public would have done."

HE (sentimentally): "I wish I were a star."

She: "I wish I were one, too!"

He: "May I dare guess why?"

She: "Because it is known that every star is millions of miles away from the next one."

HEWITT: "Girls like to make a fellow think they have known a good many fellows, and have had a lot of attention from them."

Jewett: "Right you are. I suppose that when Adam first kissed Eve, she said, 'You men are all alike.'"

"I'VE thought of a capital *nom de plume*," said Henry, who sometimes writes for the newspapers.

"What is it?" asked Henrietta.

"'Will U. Marrimee.'"

"Why, of course I will, you goose!" she answered. "Is that what you have been trying to say so long?"

MRS. A. (before the full-length portrait of a girl): "Oh, if I only knew the painter of this!"

Artist (stepping forward joyfully): "Permit me, madam, to introduce myself as the painter."

Mrs. A.: "What extraordinary good luck! Now you will tell me—won't you—the address of the dressmaker who made this girl's frock?"

With the first of July comes the first number of the new volume of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. As it should be, the occasion is celebrated by—but you will *see* for yourself when you have ordered your copy. But order early.

Questions Worth Answering.

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and Replies at the rate of two guineas a column.

REPLIES.

5096. Which was the First Instance of Deliberate Obstruction in Parliament?

Something remarkably resembling what would now be termed obstruction occurred in Richard Cromwell's Parliament, when the House of Commons sat for nine long days until an acknowledgment of the authority of the other House was extorted from it by the Court party, who soon after brought about the Restoration. On the tenth day the Speaker, Mr. Chalmer Chute, was compelled by illness to leave the chair, and he died a few weeks later. Mr. Lisiebone, who was chosen in his place, sat for four days only, when he also was forced to give in, and died a few days after. One debate thus killed two Speakers. In the course of it one member said, "Mr. Speaker, I perceive the House grows empty, so do our bellies. I pray you would adjourn for an hour"—a course, however, which the minority, in spite of this appeal, refused to authorise. Obstruction as a definite political weapon first became obvious in 1877, when a temporary resolution was passed to check unnecessary motions for adjournment, as a result of the tactics used by the Irish members under the leadership of the late Mr. Parnell.

5099. When was Cipher Writing First Used for Important Messages?

Amongst the clay tablets from the record chamber of the Assyrian kings, discovered by Sir Henry Layard, and dating from about the eighth century B.C.—reproductions of which have recently been published by the British Museum—there are certain passages described as "written in unknown tongues," which may be a species of cipher, especially as it appears from other documents that "interpreters" were attached to the staff of this ancient library for the purpose of deciphering diplomatic communications. The Spartans are said—by La Guilletière—to have invented cipher writing, it having been their practice, when sending out an officer of rank, to provide two wooden cylindrical staffs, exactly alike, one of which the officer took with him, whilst the other they retained. When secret messages had to be sent, the home authorities wrapped a strip of parchment round their staff spirally, wrote their communication across the edges thus formed, unrolled the parchment, and dispatched it. The recipient applied it in the same way to his staff, thus bringing the broken characters, otherwise unreadable, into proper sequence.

5100. Which is the Earliest Recorded "Last Will"?

Documents inscribed on plates of baked clay have been found among the ruins of Chaldea, which are undoubtedly wills drawn in legal form dealing with the transfer and bequeathing of property and which date back to 3800 B.C. But the earliest personal bequest of property to take effect after death appears to be an Egyptian document of about the date 2500 B.C. It is written on papyrus, and is the will of a priest leaving his personal and real estate to his wife, with power to transmit it to her children. This will further gives directions for burial, and is duly witnessed. In fact, it is so nearly identical in form to a modern will that, as a legal authority has said, there would be no difficulty in admitting it to probate if it were presented in a modern court of law.

5101. Was the Vicar of Bray Described in the Well-Known Song a Real Person?

Though there are several alleged originals of the familiar character, the church records do not establish irrefutably the identity of any Vicar of Bray with the subject of the song. The song was written by a soldier or officer in Colonel Fuller's troop of Dragoons, in the reign of George I., and it is certain the living of the small Berkshire village was not held by the same person, as the song declares, through the reigns of Charles II., James II., William III., Anne, and George I. Ray and others think Simon Symonds, who lived in the Commonwealth, and continued vicar till the reign of William and Mary, was the real person. An Independent under Cromwell, he became an Anglican under Charles II., a Papist under James II., and, finally, a Moderate Churchman under William III. The type of character was common enough, being a product of the age and its political revolutions. But it had existed earlier, and apparently in connection with Bray, for Fuller speaks of Simon Alleyn, or Allen, a former vicar (1540-88), who, under Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, and, lastly, a Protestant again, "changing my religion," as he said, "to be faithful to my principle, which is to live and die Vicar of Bray."

5102. Which Branch of English Trade is Most in the Hands of Foreigners?

This is unfortunately true of the most important of all British industries, our carrying trade as performed by the Mercantile Marine. There are nearly 35,000 foreign sailors to-day in British ships, and, when we remember that a very large proportion of the total 240,000 are coloured British subjects, such as Lascars, it follows that pretty nearly half of our white sailors must be foreigners. This deplorable and even dangerous state of affairs is due to many causes, but the principal are the abolition of the apprentice system, and the numerous strikes which have disorganised the shipping trade. By means of these, owners and officers have found that the foreigner is more sober, more docile, as well as cheaper than his British rival. Of land trades the great industry of catering is almost entirely in foreign hands. There are no exact statistics available, but it would not be too much to say that from managers of great hotels to waiters in the humblest restaurants, three out of every four caterers are foreigners. Another industry almost entirely in the hands of foreigners, chiefly Italians, is paving, and particularly asphalt paving. So, too, the manufacture of barrel organs, and the infliction of their horrible strains on a long-suffering public, if that can be called an industry, is almost wholly in the hands of Italians.

5103. To what Extent has Man Increased the Number of Plant-species by Cultivation?

The answer to this question will depend upon the meaning we attach to the word "species." It may be doubted that man has ever produced a single species, in the strictly scientific sense of the term; but if we take the word as signifying "variety," we must attribute to him the production of innumerable species. A good example is furnished by the cabbages, Brussels sprouts, broccoli, cauliflower, savoy, borecole, kale, red cabbage, and nearly thirty less known varieties, are generally believed to have been produced artificially from the wild cabbage. The cereals have been enormously multiplied by man. Of wheat alone, one cultivator succeeded in raising 322 varieties. Peas have been modified into countless races, each of which breeds true. Of beans, forty kinds are enumerated by one observer. The potato has yielded 175 described varieties, and the number is continually increasing. It is said that there are in existence as many as 1,000 kinds of grape-vines; but the best authorities consider them all to be the descendants of one species which now grows wild in Western Asia. Apples, pears, plums, cherries, peaches, strawberries, gooseberries, etc., have been greatly modified. So, too, with flowering plants. Of chrysanthemums alone, the varieties may be counted by the thousand, but all of them have been raised from a few species by a process of artificial selection. Pansies, dahlias, hyacinths, begonias, fuchsias, and geraniums are further examples. But few, if any, of the new types raised by man are true species, since all of them which are the descendants of the same species are fertile with each other, whereas the crosses between two true species are almost invariably barren. Curiously enough man seldom or never improves or multiplies medicinal plants by cultivation.

5104. What Proportion of Strikes are Successful?

According to the last published Board of Trade figures—those for 1898—30 per cent. of the trade disputes of that year, reckoning merely the number of strikes, irrespective of their importance, ended in favour of the employers; the same proportion was won by the strikers, and another 30 per cent. were compromised, whilst the remainder were left indefinite or unsettled. Reckoned by the numbers involved 56 per cent. were, in the same year, gained by the masters, 24 per cent. by the men, 16 per cent. were compromised, and the rest reached no conclusion one way or the other. It is specially notable that, during the six years ending 1898 the number of disputes which have been compromised has steadily risen from one-fifth to about one-third of the total number of strikes, the statistics thus so far indicating a better feeling between the classes concerned. This is further borne out by the fact that four-fifths of all the disputes were ultimately adjusted by direct negotiation between masters and men, over 8 per cent. were settled by neutral arbitration or conciliation, and hardly 7 per cent. ended in the workers' return without negotiation at all.

5105. In what Part of Europe have the Most Ancient Traces of Human Settlement been Found?

An able article in the ATLANTIC MONTHLY on "The Arrival of Man in Europe" carries us back at a bound more than 240,000 years, to a time when the "Men of the River Drift" lived in the valley of the Thames, in a warm climate, before the musk-sheep and the marmot heralded the approach of the Northern ice sheet. Their rude implements have been found also in Germany, France, Spain, Italy, and Greece, and their bones in the valleys of the Rhone and Seine. This race disappeared with the advent of the Glacial Period, or Great Ice Age, when the cave man came upon the scene, and has left evidences of himself and his imperfect culture in an abundance of bones and stone implements found in Southern and Central England, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and France, but not south of the Alps or Pyrenees. If, however, we take human settlement to imply some sort of civilisation, we must look on to the Neolithic, or Early Stone Period, when men known as Iberians began a new era of culture in many parts of Europe; building rough huts and stockades, raising wheat and flax, making earthen vessels, and wearing linen garments in place of skin and fur. The lake villagers of Switzerland were of this time, and remains of their domesticated cattle and cultivated seeds and fruit have been found. These swarthy Iberians were succeeded by fair-skinned Aryans, and by intermarriage with them gave rise to the present mixed population of Europe.

5106. Is there any Reason why every Intelligent Man and Woman of Age should not have a Parliamentary Vote?

In theory there is none, but there are many practical difficulties in the way of establishing such a universal suffrage as this. In the first place, what tribunal is to decide whether a given man or woman comes up to the standard of intelligence or not? For instance, the standards possessed by an artisan and an Archbishop would be totally different, and there would be nothing for it but to establish a vast system of examination. But as scholastic examinations are a notorious failure this would probably be found unworkable. So far universal suffrage has not proved a success. It has placed the balance of power in the hands of the least intelligent and the least responsible classes of the community, and they have almost without exception placed their trust in those least worthy to be trusted. With regard to the vexed question of female suffrage, that too has not been a success where it has been tried, save perhaps where the franchise has been confined to municipal affairs. Women have, of course, enormous political influence, and the best of them appear to be quite content with that. It must certainly be admitted that female suffrage in New Zealand and Australia has had anything but encouraging results. On the whole, our present system, with all its glaring faults, seems to work as well as any, and better than most.

QUESTIONS.

5131. How many different religions are there in the world?
5132. Is it true that a liar always betrays himself by an involuntary movement of his feet?
5133. When was the cat first domesticated in Europe?
5134. When was the fashion introduced of using black-edged note-paper as a sign of mourning?
5135. Which is the earliest known reference to Shakespeare?
5136. Which was the first public lottery of which we have any record?
5137. Were reaping machines used by the ancients?
5138. Which was the first ladies' club in England?
5139. What is the smallest amount for which a bank-note has been issued in England?
5140. Are sculptors right in representing horses with two feet raised from the ground at the same time?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

"Is this a healthy town?" inquired the man who was in search of a balmy climate.

"Healthy!" echoed the land agent. "Why, man, the only undertaker in the town had to blow out the gas to give himself a job."

"AND may I ask you why you left your last place?"

"Certainly, mem. It's nothin' I'm ashamed of. You see, I was in th' habit of leavin' my bisickle in th' kitchen over night, an' th' family objected to th' smell of rubber tyre in th' vittles!"

"THAT fellow over there," said the visitor, "seems to have a bad cold."

"Oh, no, he hasn't any cold," replied the fighting editor.

"I notice he stops talking every once in a while to sneeze."

"Oh, that's the war editor. He's merely explaining to the chess editor his views of the operations round Thaba N'Chu."

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Men Paid for Doing Nothing.

WHEN THE FOOTBALL PRO.'S PLAY CEASES BUT HIS PAY CONTINUES.

No player registered with the Football Association can now share in match play of any kind without permission, and so jealously does the Association guard its rights on this head that in several cases the finals for Cup competitions which have got belated have had to be thrown from one season to another.

The penalty for a breach of the rule is suspension. It used to be ineligibility for the English Cup, and was a stock subject of protest by beaten clubs.

But though play ceases, pay goes on; and some of the men have a gay old time of it in point of what some regard as "the unearned increment."

There are several men identified with the leading clubs like Aston Villa, Everton, Southampton, Glasgow Celtic, and Rangers, Notts Forest, and Liverpool, who receive pay at the rate of £6 per week during the seventeen weeks in which they may not play.

The average rate, however, is much nearer half that amount, and it constitutes a tax on club's resources which some leaders of the game do not hesitate to describe as an intolerable burden.

Some clubs have as much as £1,500 to raise every year for this purpose alone, a goodly proportion of Everton's wages bill, of going on for £6,000 for this season, being swallowed in this way; £700 for this purpose is a very moderate sum.

Taking the first-class teams of the British Isles—these being altogether apart from clubs outside the crack Leagues—the cost of this summer pay totals up to over £64,000.

The plea of the players is that they have to live, and cannot get work for such a short time; but a five-figure sum looks big for absolutely nothing.

But some of the frugally-inclined do manage to net a goodly sum during the close season. They are to be met with in various comfortable little posts at seaside and holiday resorts.

Some do a bit of "busking," and one or two clever footballers, who are also instrumentalists and singers, might be discerned under the burnt cork of the clattering crew on the sands.

Others play as golf pro.'s, and some of them are really good men on the links; Hillman, of Burnley, one or two of the Brighton, Blackpool, and Liverpool players, and quite a host in Scotland being capital all-round players.

Still, more of them play regularly at cricket. They could, as a matter of fact, turn out a team which would threaten some of our counties.

Quite a host of them are, however, pro.'s and amateurs with clubs in the cricket leagues like those of Lancashire, Jemmy Ross, of Manchester City, having done splendid work with the bat, and being much in demand.

An old club-mate of Jemmy's—John Goodall, the famous international—has also had a place in the Derbyshire team, and Bert Sharp, of Everton, aspires to a place alongside his brother Jack in the Lancashire eleven.

Turner, the ex-Derby County, ex-Stoke international half-back, is a clever bowler, and several of the Sheffield United and Sheffield Wednesday players are regular participants at the summer game. The question as to whether a professional footballer may be an amateur cricketer has seriously exercised the minds of people in the north generally—it was once incidentally raised as to Sutcliffe, of Bolton, who is a slogging bat and a good change bowler.

But not a few are cracks at baseball. Bloomer is one of the best at this; but the attempt to boom the American game has almost absolutely failed, despite the adhesion of the Derby County and Preston North End clubs. Somehow the other clubs did not tumble to the game—or rather they tumbled so much at it that the club managers thought that the risk was greater than the advantage.

Not a few figure in connection with the turf, and, like Archie Goodall, of Derby County, make a good thing of it. There are more who are adepts at this than care to have their names known, owing to the objection of their clubs.

Others take part on the cycling track, and two of the Midland cracks and two of those now figuring with the Glasgow clubs can cover their ten miles in very little over record figures.

Quite a host of the players appear at sports on the flat race and hurdle programmes; so that with their winnings, their earnings as cricket pro.'s, as "buskers" at the seaside, and their summer pay, the average football pro. does very well during his vacation.

One of them hit off the situation when he sententiously remarked: "It would take a good deal more off the close season than we get to kill us."

PRIMUS: "Dynamite is the most wonderful invention of the age."

Secundus: "Why?"

Primus: "There's nothing in the world can hold a candle to it."

Woman Who Writes Advice.

A WOMAN there was and she wrote for the Press
(As you or I might do),
She told how to cut and fit a dress,
And how to stew many a savoury mess,
But she never had done it herself, I guess
(Which none of her readers knew).

Oh, the hours we spent and the flour we spent,
And the sugar we wasted like sand,
At the best of a woman who never had cooked,
(And now we all know that she never could cook),
And did not understand.

A woman there was and she wrote right fair
(As you or I might do),
How out of a barrel to make a chair,
To be covered with chintz and stuffed with hair,
'Twould adorn any parlour and give it an air!
(And we thought the tale was true.)

Oh, the days we worked and the ways we worked,
To hammer and saw and hack,
In making a chair in which no one would sit,
A chair in which no one could possibly sit,
Without a crick in his back.

A woman there was, and she had her fun
(Better than you and I).
She wrote about children—of course she had none—
She wrote recipes and she never tried one,
(And never intended to try).

And it isn't to toil and it isn't to spoil
That brims the cup of disgrace—
It's to follow a woman who didn't know meat
(A woman who never had cooked any meat),
But wrote and was paid to fill space.

IT is said that a burnt child dreads fire. Probably that's why the newly-married man tries to avoid his old flames.

MERCHANT (to applicant for situation as porter): "Are you married?"

Applicant: "No, sir; these scratches on my face came from falling over a barbed wire fence in the dark."

"A MAN with a bill!" announced the Court chamberlain.

The King was visibly startled.

"He must be a bird!" exclaimed his Majesty, thinking of the rigorous measures he had taken to prevent creditors approaching the Royal person.

"Licensed to Sell Pepper."

P.W. saw this strange notice over the door of a little ancient store in a village near Leeds. Entering, and finding the proprietor not only affable but intelligent, a conversation ensued.

"That was during the time when there was a duty on pepper, and the sign is there just as it was in the days of my great grandfather. It has been repainted once or twice, of course; but country folks are conservative—the sign is much the same as it was nearly a century ago."

So began my informant. "Pepper, now, is cheap enough; but we don't sell sixpenny-worth in six weeks," he continued. "Horseradish grows luxuriantly here, and the folks prefer it in the ground state to the finest pepper. Visitors from town often wonder and ridicule the sign; they quite forget that such a notice was at one time as necessary as that of the tobacconist or registered plumber of to-day.

"Go down the way on the Harrogate road, and you'll see a similar, but more antiquated, sign over a little three-cornered shop—a place almost smothered in ivy, with nothing to betray its identity as a business house save a few ginger-beer bottles in the window. The proprietor—a farmer, milk dealer, hay and corn merchant, and grocer all in one—will probably inform you that he hasn't stocked pepper for ten years.

"Nobody wants it hereabouts, or, if so, they bring it from town. A few travelling pedlars hawk it in penny packages; but you would be astonished to know how long a pennyworth really lasts. There might be a duty on pepper still.

"One old dame informs me that she mixes her pepper with corn-flour, horseradish, and common snuff. A traveller called here quite recently, offering among other things sixpenny tins of choice pepper. He might as well expect me to retail slices of green moon cheese; though two tins were retained for private use.

"Gipsies camp here in plenty, and possibly you would like to know how some of them manufacture their own pepper; a tedious process, but they prefer their own to the article offered by a grocer. Figwort, horseradish, arum root (which while pungent is deadly poison), the pulverised roots and stems of many aromatic herbs, treated in some mysterious fashion with possibly a spoonful of the genuine article thrown in; and a half-year's supply is at hand. And not a bad substitute after all. Nevertheless, I have discovered that gipsies will steal a packet of pepper quite as readily as a round of cheese, or a box of dried herrings."

HENS THAT HELP HARVESTERS.

AND OTHER CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT CHINESE FARMS.

CHINA has always been the land of mysteries. While the rest of the world has been impelled forward by the goad of civilisation, China has stood still.

The Chinese farmer is about as unlike his British compeer as can be imagined. He very rarely lives in an isolated house, but in a village, which is walled round and very densely peopled.

Rice, sugar-cane, potatoes, indigo, ginger, tobacco, and wheat—these are the chief things he grows. Rice, of course, is his staple food.

When a father dies, his land is divided equally among his sons, though the eldest receives an additional tenth, by reason of the expense he is put to in worshipping the remains of his parent! He has to buy offerings and keep in good repair the grave.

Two hundred acres is a huge farm. The man who owns ten is considered a wealthy individual, while the man who possesses one single acre is in possession of a competence. As no milk, butter, or cheese is used, the only four-legged beast on a Chinese farm is the zebu, a species of ox, that is used for drawing the plough.

Ducks are reared by many and placed in the fields to devour the snails, crabs, and frogs that abound in the sowing season. Hens are also used, and are trained to follow the harvesters, to pick up the last grains left among the stubble and the noxious insects that abound there.

If any of the readers of *P.W.* are thinking of setting up as farmers in the Celestial Empire, it may interest them to know that their outfit will cost about £10. For this they will be able to get a plough with two shares, a harrow, a fanning-mill, a pump worked by a treadle for irrigating the fields, a zebu, hoes, sickles, baskets, and numerous sundries.

If the farmer wishes to hire a labourer he will have to pay about £2 10s. a year, inclusive of food, clothing, tobacco, and head shaving! But few landowners hire hands except for a few days, that corresponding to our "hopping" season, when the rice is planted and when it is picked.

Two pounds of rice, costing about three halfpence, with a little salt fish, pickled cabbage, cheap vegetables and fruit, is the ordinary allowance for each farm hand per day. Sixpence a day is a very good wage for many Chinamen, and the fortunate recipient of so much wealth will often share this with one or two dependent relatives. Think of this ye grumbling sybarites who earn your forty-five shillings a week.

You can furnish a room in China for five people at a cost of about 3s. or 3s. 6d. per head.

As the smothering of female infants is, in moderation, quite permissible, and as emigration is largely carried on by Chinamen, it is probable that the land will support no more than its present population.

The Chinaman is always bound to obey his father and mother. Some years ago, a young Chinaman who had lived the greater part of his life in England, fell in love with a young English girl, who reciprocated his affection.

He married her, and returned to his native land. But he had forgotten the laws of his country. He had barely settled down when his mother and father came to live with him. The worthy couple at once took an inveterate dislike to the young Chinaman's bride.

They commanded him to beat her. He refused. The father and mother applied to a Chinese magistrate; the young Chinaman and his wife were sentenced to death for so heinous an offence as refusing to obey so reasonable a command!

But to return to the Chinese farmer. Here is a typical case.

Pong Hi lives in a village of 300 inhabitants. He owns two acres of land, which is worth about £200. His family consists of ten people, and he is forty-six years old, his wife is forty-one, his son twenty-two, his son's wife twenty-one, his four daughters range from ten to seventeen, his two grandchildren are three and seven respectively.

His son and he till the land with the addition of a little hired labour at harvesting-time, and on wet days they fill up their time by weaving straw mats. The women folk of the establishment make the clothes, look after the pigs and fowls, and do all the house-work.

Their dwelling-house and the land on which it stands is valued at about £24, their clothes and farming appliances at something over £40. They are possessed of a zebu, two black hogs, thirty fowls, ten ducks, a couple of geese, a dog and a cat, which may or may not be eaten at some future date. Ping Hi as a result of all this will make a profit of about £8 per annum. Yet he has saved up perhaps £40, which he has out at interest, at eighteen per cent.

And yet British farmers talk about the depression of agriculture, and the difficulties they have in making both ends meet. They might take a leaf out of their Chinese compeer's book with great advantage.

There is one thing about a Chinese household, however, that will always remain, we hope, peculiar to John Chinaman, and that is the terrible state of dirt that is part and parcel of his dwelling.

Dirt, superstition, and mendacity—these are the three chief traits in a Chinese household, so that perhaps the British farmer has cause to air his grievances—because he is not a Chinaman.

Spend your groats on the ROYAL for July.

FISTICUFFS ON THE BATTLEFIELD

Showing How, When, and Where Tommy Atkins has "Gone For" the Enemy with his Fists.

In a letter which Quarter-Master Sergeant Newell sent home to his brother, dated from Estcourt, some time ago, occurs the following striking passage: "I slogged him (a Boer) under the jaw and slipped off before any questions were asked." This proves that Mr. Newell is a fistic soldier, and there are plenty of his type in the British Army, perhaps the only army in the world that harbours pugilistic soldiers, since boxing is pre-eminently the birthright of the Britisher, whether soldier or civilian.

Maiwand is in Afghanistan and fifty miles from Kandahar. On July 27th, 1880, General Burrows marched from Kushk-i-Naklind and attacked the army of Ayoob Khan, about 20,000 strong, entrenched on the river Helmud. What happened to General Buller and his guns at Colenso in South Africa, just recently, occurred to General Burrows and his guns twenty years ago at Maiwand. When it was seen that a reverse was the lot of our arms, a desperate and heroic attempt was made to save the guns, but only one or two were actually saved. In the act of rescuing them from the grasp of the enemy a body of the latter swooped down upon a little party of our soldiers and savagely attacked them, the conflict quickly resulting in a hand-to-hand fight. One brave fellow of the 66th Regiment was surrounded by half-a-dozen of the foe who

DID THEIR BEST TO CUT HIM DOWN.

He kept his ground like a hero, and as bayonetting, or shooting, or even using the butt-end of the rifle was too slow a process in the circumstances, the story goes, that grasping the rifle by the muzzle he used his fists on the faces of his assailants with very marked success. He succeeded in knocking two clean over by "slogging them under the jaw," he made a third measure his length on the ground with a terrific blow under the left ear, while the remainder stood paralysed wondering what manner of warrior they were fighting. But the victory was not long his, for, being already wounded, he fell at last to the ground, exhausted, when he was soon dispatched.

At the battle of Tamanieb the British Army was massed in squares, the first of which was broken by a violent onslaught of hidden Arabs, who in a great hand-to-hand conflict crept under and captured the gatling and other guns. It was a desperate crush, and the more fistic of our soldiers grasped their rifles and hit out right and left at the enemy, doing very nearly as much damage as bayonetting or using the butt-end of the rifle.

A well-known captain of the Black Watch—now better known as Colonel Stevenson—threw away his sword, and cried out as he closed his great fists: "Come on, ye black demons—steel is too good for ye! I'll gie ye a taste o' my fisticuffs—take that—and that—and that!" And as he spoke he dealt cut a series of fearful blows that stung. Tall and stalwart, and with a fist that was heavy and strong, Captain Stevenson

BROKE THE NOSES OF AT LEAST SIX

or seven Arabs, dislocated as many more jaws, and blackened not far short of a dozen pairs of eyes. No wonder! He was a favourite pupil of the great professional pugilist, Jem Mace, and the crack boxer of the Army.

The men of Lancashire and Yorkshire indulge in what is called "purrin'"—that is, kicking as well as boxing, but the former is only resorted to when a foe proves the stronger combatant or takes undue advantage of the rules of the game of boxing. The Lancashires did splendid work at El Teb in the second Egyptian campaign. The Yorkshires fought well too. Some of the Lancashires got into a tight corner, and were surrounded by the enemy. In the heat of the *melée* a number of the Lancashires bayonetted, kicked, and boxed, the two latter forms of punishment being in the ascendency. One man had his wrist cut by an Arab, and he got so enraged that he let go his rifle, threw himself upon the foe who had wounded him, smashed away at his face with his fist, threw him to the ground, and gave him an awful kicking. The Arab again attempted to strike him with his knife, but this time the Lancashire lad ran his bayonet through him.

One can quite understand the amazement of an enemy at seeing warriors in the field preferring to fight with their fists than weapons; but then England is a fistic nation.

The Royal Irish Rifles were present at the battle of Toski, a fight which lasted seven hours, and gave victory to our arms. At a psychological moment the Irishmen got into very close quarters with the enemy when a large number, disdaining the usual observances followed in respect of the rifle, used them as shillalahs, and fought with their fists as well, doing great havoc among the foe. They broke heads on that occasion with that success which signalises the use of the shillalah as handled by our compatriots over the water; nor was that novel form of fighting futile, for the gallant Irishmen got clear away from their pen and left many killed and wounded Arabs behind them.

In the early days of the long siege of Lucknow—operations round Lucknow lasted eight months—the 32nd Regiment went into action with only 300 men, under the command of Colonel Case. The ordnance ammunition soon expended, the heat was fearful, and the retreat which necessarily ensued was rendered yet more disastrous by the want of cavalry to protect the British rear. Half the 32nd got clean cut up.

There was no panic, but confusion reigned supreme. Here and there both opposing forces were fighting fiercely hand-to-hand, and there being no elbow room to do anything with the bayonet, it terminated on our side in a fight with fisticuffs, which, in the circumstances, was quite as effective as bayonetting or clubbing with the rifle or revolver.

Very few battles or campaigns have been fought where fisticuffs have not been used on occasions, but the fact has not generally been noted, perhaps for sentimental reasons; it might be thought to be a thing lacking the stately dignity of the unbending soldier.

The siege, taking, and final occupation of Delhi, which lasted from May 30th to September 20th, 1857, was achieved at a sacrifice on our side of nearly 4,000 officers and men—to be exact, 3,837.

AMONG THE FOOT

regiments that distinguished themselves must be included the 8th, 52nd, 61st, and 75th. One strong man of the 61st, a sergeant, and at that time supposed to be the best boxer in the Army, regularly, whenever he got the chance, preferred fighting with his fists. With a terrific blow delivered right under the ear of a murderous rebel who attempted to stab General Nicholson, he killed him on the spot.

At another time he was fighting close by the side of his commanding officer, Colonel Deacon, who was on foot, when the latter ran the imminent peril of being cut down by four sabres of the enemy. His horse had already been shot under him. Our fistic sergeant rushed to his colonel's assistance, and standing in front of him with his mighty arms swung his rifle round, clubbing three of the enemy to death. The fourth, too, was struck down, but, recovering himself, he bravely rushed at the sergeant with uplifted knife.

The latter parried the blow as only a professional boxer could, and then he closed in with his foe whose head was soon in chancery, and whose features received fearful punishment from Tandy's brawny elephantine fist. Released, the man fell fainting to the ground; he had never before received such a fearful thrashing, and it possibly proved to him

A NOVEL FEATURE IN WARFARE.

For saving his Colonel's life the sergeant was asked which of the two honours he would like to be recommended for—the Victoria Cross or a commission. He chose the latter, thus anticipating the choice of Major-General Hector Macdonald, who was, after the close of the Afghan war, in which he performed many heroic deeds, asked the same question. Macdonald chose a commission, a fact which would seem to darkly suggest that the V.C. to plain Tommy Atkins is not the be-all and end-all of his military existence, as is popularly supposed. He evidently aspires to a commission.

Fisticuffs in battle is not a rarity by any means; but it may be taken as granted that whenever Tommy has recourse to nature's own weapons, as represented by fists, it is only in such circumstances that he finds himself cornered, and that it is his only chance of getting even with his enemy.

Every Britisher, with very few exceptions, is a born pugilist, and the instinct must necessarily establish itself in a positive form in the breast of a British soldier, more particularly when employed in the trail of war.

Quartermaster-Sergeant Newell's confession that he "slogged" a Boer "under the jaw" might, indeed, be accepted as a declaration made in favour of the entire British Army.

Editor: "The only way to succeed in the newspaper business is to give the people what they want."

Friend: "Have you half a sov. you can let me have?"

"I have never heard of such a cruel and vindictive man in my life!"

"What has he done?"

"Why, he locked his wife in a room with a lot of beautiful gowns and bonnets and no looking-glass!"

Larry was in the witness-box. "Now, witness," began the magistrate, "where were you when the prisoner began shooting into the crowd?"

"Within a hundred fate, yer honour."

"Then you were a bystander?"

"No, sor, Oi didn't stand a minute; Oi run loike th' wind."

Reason for Hate.

Mr. Verirash Talker (who did not catch the name of his partner): "You see that man behind me—well, if there's one man in this world that I hate, he's the one."

His Partner (in surprise): "Why, that's my husband!"

Mr. Verirash Talker (quickly): "Yes—of course—that's why I hate him, lucky dog!"

His Worship's Joke.

A case was being tried in court, and the magistrate was much worried by a young man who kept moving about in the rear of the court-room, lifting chairs and looking under benches.

"Young man," the magistrate called, "you are making a great deal of unnecessary noise. What are you about?"

"Your worship," replied the man, "I have lost my overcoat, and am trying to find it."

"Well," said the magistrate, "people often lose whole suits in here without making all that disturbance."

Answered.

Two commercial men totally different in character were yet firm friends. One was prim and precise, especially careful of his linen, quiet in speech and manner; the other, careless as to dress and uncouth in ways and words.

The latter had formed the habit of taking snuff, much to the disgust of his friend, who abhorred all such practices.

One day, as his compeer pulled out his snuff-box, tapped it in the orthodox fashion, and took a hearty pinch, the dressy traveller, thinking to rebuke him, said in his mildest tones:

"Now how much do you think it costs you a year for snuff?"

"Don't know," was the reply; "perhaps about as much as it does you for your starch."

Did She Get the Hat?

It was a mean trick, of course, and some day she will doubtless get even with him.

She saw him take a piece of paper from his pocket, carefully fold it up, put it in an envelope and then place the envelope in one of the far corners of the drawer of the library table.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing of any consequence," he replied.

Now, if he had simply thrown it carelessly into the drawer she would have thought nothing of it, but the care he took to put it right over in the far corner, and the fact that he seemed ill at ease after he found that his action had been observed aroused her curiosity.

She wondered what it was, and she reasoned with herself that he had said it was "nothing of importance," so he would have nobody but himself to blame if she took a look at it. She was justified in inferring from his words that there was no reason why she should not. And this is what she read scribbled on a piece of paper:

"I'll bet you a new hat your curiosity will not permit you to let this alone."

It was a terrible predicament in which to place a woman. How could she claim the new hat without giving herself away?

"THE YELLOW PERIL."

In to-day's issue of the Illustrated Weekly News appears the first instalment of Mr. M. P. Shiel's Great War Story,

"THE YELLOW PERIL."

At the present moment the eyes of the whole world are turned to China. What has the future in store? Is this the spark that will set the world in flames and bring about the death struggle of the nations? In this great story,

"THE YELLOW PERIL,"

the author endeavours to show, in the form of a romance, how China, ably led, could fight the world, could over-run Asia and Europe, could, by the mere weight of numbers alone, wipe out of existence every "foreign devil" in the two continents.

Let us beg of you not to miss reading the opening chapters of this great story. Go to your newsagent now and say the paper must be obtained for you, and kept for you till you call for it.

"THE YELLOW PERIL"

starts this week, fully illustrated, and here are the chapter headings to give you some faint idea of its interest.

Chapter 1, The Nations and a Man; 2, The Heathen Chinee; 3, Rumours of War; 4, First Blood; 5, How England took the News; 6, Hardy; 7, In the Channel; 8, The Battle; 9, John Hardy gives an Order; 10, John Hardy among Women; 11, John Hardy among the Nations; 12, The Awakening; 13, John and Yen; 14, The Vanished Fleet; 15, The Suicide of Europe; 16, The Love which Foo-chee bore to Ah-lin; 17, The Chinese Iron; 18, Sin-wan; 19, 'The Hundred and Eighty'; 20, 'What a Face!' 21, Murray's Diary; 22, Murray's Diary (continued); 23, The Frown of England; 24, Before the Battle; 25, The Greater Waterloo; 26, The Yellow Peril; 27, The Three Gospels; 28, The Yellow Terror; 29, The Weak Point; 30, The Chinese Scream; 31, The Meeting; 32, 'To-day'; 33, The 'Crime' of Hardy; 34, The Black Spot.

Cutcliffe Hyne, the man who created Captain Kettle, begins a new and powerful series of short stories in the July PEARSON'S. These splendid stories are published under the general heading "Tales of a Steam Hotel"—they will entrance you.

FEEDING A DOG ON DIAMONDS.

AND OTHER ARTFUL DODGES OF DIAMOND SMUGGLERS.

THE days of cargo smuggling—when venturesome captains on dark and moonless nights used to steer their luggers into hidden coves and land rich silks, liquors, tobacco, or whatever especial merchandise they illegally traded in without the formality of paying Customs duties—are, no doubt, as much things of the past now as hoop-skirts. But that a different class of smuggling continues to be carried on, paragraphs that appear from time to time, when such instances are brought to light, still go to show.

The great field for diamond smugglers is the United States, as the duty upon them there is very high, and the demand always great.

On one occasion a very fashionable and gracious young woman, possessing one of the sweetest of little Japanese spaniels, travelling to New York on a French line of steamers, managed to make herself quite popular with everyone on board, as did also her little dog. Information arrived in New York before her, however, that she had purchased some very select and precious gems in Paris, and the officials were warned to be on the look-out for her. On her declaring after arrival that she was in possession of nothing dutiable, she was, therefore, detained.

She was quite gracious; begged a young lady who had taken quite a fancy to the spaniel, and was going to the same hotel she intended stopping at, to take care of the little fellow until she came, a request the young lady readily acquiesced in, and then gave herself and her luggage over to the Customs officials entirely.

They searched most thoroughly, sparing neither pains nor the young woman's feelings, but were able at the last to discover neither hair nor hide of any stones, and had to confess that either their information had been incorrect or they had been bilked. Accordingly they had to let her go.

The next day the little spaniel died.

As the Customs officials afterwards somehow managed to find out, it seems that in the morning of the ship's arrival the lady, who had previously starved her dog for nearly twenty-four hours, gave him some very dainty morsels of fat, in each piece of which was stowed a diamond. It is seen how ingeniously she managed to get the dog out of the way, and the next day, without any compunction, she poisoned the little creature, and then secured her diamonds.

Another trick that was practised successfully for a long time was: The smuggler used to pack his gems in a cork box, or carefully in an ordinary bottle, and then on entering port he threw them overboard to be picked up by a confederate in a row-boat, who would come out to meet the ship.

One man made a point of buying a lot of champagne during the voyage, and for souvenirs used to keep all the corks. These he secretly cut, and managed to stow from one to three diamonds in each. On the day of their arrival in port, pretending to have become drunk, he afforded the other male passengers, and even some of the Customs officials themselves, with much amusement by pelting a rather green-looking boatman alongside with them. Though he never missed his aim, the boatman took it in good part, so the passenger afterwards threw him a half-dollar. The man then pulled away for the shore, and the trick had been carried through successfully.

Perhaps the most ingenious of all the tricks, however, and one that imposed upon the officials longest, was the following:

It seems the Paris partner of a big New York jeweller, who made a point of letting it get about that he was able to sell diamonds more cheaply than any of his competitors because he managed to escape paying import duties on them, used to make a trip to New York early every summer with his wife in order to hold an annual business conference. His habit was to leave his wife behind to summer at one of the American sea-side resorts, while he returned to France by the same steamer. For this reason he used to engage his state-room for the round trip.

Being a suspect the officials used to search both him and his wife and their luggage, most diligently, whenever they landed, but nothing was ever discovered. This went on for some time, until—the pitcher went to the well once too often.

One of the officials who had long been puzzled by them at last noticed that the man's wife always came to bid him good-bye on his return journey, and also always visited his state-room. Acting upon this clue he unearthed the whole scheme.

It seems the man used always to engage the same state-room on the same steamer on these trips, and in it had skillfully constructed behind a panel in the wall that was always properly replaced, a little cabinet, in which, when he and his wife went ashore, they used to leave the diamonds.

Then when he returned on the home trip, his wife visiting his state-room, presumably to set it to rights, but in reality for the smuggling purpose, used to have the diamonds turned over to her; and after waving him good-bye, was always able to leave the dock unsuspected and unmolested. When the shrewd official who detected them had the woman searched at last, the amount of stones found on her were of a value simply enormous.

What the Bears Escaped.

A TOURIST, travelling in the Rocky Mountains, was introduced to an old hunter who claims to have killed no fewer than four hundred bears.

"Bill," said the introducer, "this feller wants to hear some narrer escapes you've had from bears."

The old man, rubbing his eyes, looked the stranger over, and said:

"Young man, if there's been any narrer escapes, the bears had 'em."

One Reason for Getting Married.

THE caretaker of a set of bachelor chambers in the West End of London recently told her employer that she must shortly relinquish her post as she was going to be married to a widower with nine children.

"Then I suppose you are very much in love with him," said the innocent bachelor. "You might bring him up one evening and let me congratulate him."

"Oh no, sir," said the caretaker, "he's a 'orrid man, but it'll be a 'ome."

A Colonial Volunteer.

A PRETTY, if libellous tale is told in a contemporary concerning the ethics of bushmen in respect of horse-flesh.

A discussion was going on in a Melbourne Club on the wisdom of sending a corps of bushmen to the front. One of the company, evidently a sufferer, clinched the discussion by observing:

"There are a few up our way I should like the Government to get hold of. Let them loose on the Transvaal frontier and Paul Kruger wouldn't have a horse to his name in a week. I know 'em."

"Lifting" is often the only way of getting a mount.

Could Row a Bit.

THE members of a certain rowing club once found themselves a man short in a boat's crew. A stranger stood by the landing stage, and was hailed by the coxswain:

"Say, mister, can you row?"

"A little."

"If you like to take an oar we'll coach you up the stream."

"Don't mind, if you take it slowly."

The stranger took the seat offered, and did his fair share of work.

The coxswain, unwilling to let the crew appear too easily satisfied, gave the word to quicken the stroke, and the new man responded admirably.

At the end of the afternoon the captain said, as the crew stepped out of the boat:

"You've got on very well, sir. If you come down again we'll give you another lesson."

"Thanks," replied the stranger, "I'll be very pleased. If you let me have a line I'll be sure to come," and he handed the captain a card, which revealed the fact that the stranger was the then champion sculler Hanlan.

AN industrious tradesman, having taken a new apprentice, awoke him the first morning at a very early hour by calling out that the family were sitting down to table.

"Thank you," said the boy, turning over for another nap, "thank you; but I never eat anything during the night."

"WHAT'S the matter now?" asked the hard-up landlord.

"Don't you see, the plaster's all fallen off the ceiling?" said the tenant.

"Well, now I hope you're satisfied. The first thing you did after moving in was to complain about the ceilings being so low."

MRS. JONES: "And pray, Mr. Jones, what is the matter now?"

Jones: "I was only wondering, my dear, where you might have bought this fish."

Mrs. Jones: "At the fishmonger's. Where do you suppose I bought it?"

Jones: "Well, I thought that, perhaps, there might have been a remnant sale at the Royal Aquarium."

SMALL BOY: "What'll I do with this money-box."

Mamma: "Put it away, of course. It has a shilling in it that your aunt gave you, and some change your pa and I put in."

"Not now. There isn't any money in it now. I spent it."

"Spent it? What did you do that for?"

"Why, the minister preached so hard against hoarding up riches that I got converted and spent what I had."

MANY HAPPY RETURNS!

Being Something of Interest about Big People whose Birthdays happen this Week.

About the sun, moon, and stars, SIR ROBERT BALL, who becomes sixty on July 1st, knows a good deal. And what is more to the point, he can put his knowledge into such a form as to be readily understood by the large audiences before which he lectures. Unlike Professor Falb, who thinks that the earth will be knocked to Jericho or elsewhere by a comet, Sir Robert considers that the end will come by the cracking of a submarine volcano, the rushing in of the water, and the occurrence of a great internal explosion which will shatter the earth.

It is rather odd to find a Queen's Counsel entitled to the rank of a Prince, but that is what THE MACDERMOT, who celebrates his sixty-sixth birthday on Sunday, claims. The ancestors of the Right Hon. Hugh MacDermot, as his full name is, were powerful Irish Kings when King John was ruling over England, and for 700 years the title of "The MacDermot, Prince of Coolavin," has descended from son to son. The present MacDermot is one of Ireland's leading lawyers, and he has been Solicitor-General for the Green Isle.

One of the most noted performers in connection with the Gilbert and Sullivan operas is MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM, who celebrates her birthday on July 2nd. Possessing a fine contralto voice, Miss Brandram's first appearance was made at only a day's notice, and at the Opera Comique, in *The Sorcerer*. In private life she is known as Mrs. Butcher, and as such a name was impossible for stage purposes, that of "Brandram" was hastily selected from a directory a few hours before the performance.

After her long incarceration in Mafeking, LADY SARAH WILSON, now coming home, will receive many birthday congratulations on July 4th. It will be remembered that when she was trying to get into Mafeking last year, Snyman, the Boer, took her prisoner, but exchanged his capture with Baden-Powell for Viljoen, a notorious horse thief. During the siege Lady Sarah, who is a daughter of the late Duchess of Marlborough, acted as a newspaper correspondent, and in her bomb-proof shelter wrote all her despatches with a typewriter.

A foreign artist well-known in Great Britain as a painter of beautiful women is EMILE CAROLUS DURAN, who, born in 1838, celebrates his birthday on Wednesday. At one time he was a Professor of Fine Arts at £1 a week; now he receives anything up to £4,000 for a single portrait. The artist, whose proper name is Charles Durand, considers the three most beautiful women in the world to be the Countess of Warwick, of England; the Countess de Pourtales, of France; and Miss Nannie Leiter, of the United States.

There are two members of the House of Lords who hold the Victoria Cross—Lord Wantage and LORD GIFFORD, the latter of whom becomes fifty-one on July 5th. Major Lord Gifford accompanied Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley to the Gold Coast in 1873 on special service, and during the war with the Ashantees that took place, he commanded the advanced scouts. The V.C. was awarded for the Major's gallant conduct at the taking of Becquah, which place he entered with his men before the troops carried it. His lordship also served in the Zulu War of 1879.

Thursday next is the birthday of "Lanula Mkuji," who was born in 1853, and who, perhaps, is better known to the public at large as the RIGHT HON. CECIL RHODES. The title mentioned is that given to Mr. Rhodes by the Matabele indunas (chiefs), and it means "Separator of Fighting Bulls." Mr. Rhodes was sent to South Africa before his twentieth year, and coming back to study at Oxford in 1872, he caught a cold which affected both lungs, and returned once more to the Cape with a doctor's assurance that he would be dead in six months from consumption! However, his adopted country has made Mr. Rhodes both healthy and wealthy.

The only unmarried daughter of the Prince of Wales is PRINCESS VICTORIA, who celebrates her thirty-second birthday on July 6th. The Princess is an enthusiastic tennis player and cyclist, while, according to her father, she can make a better Welsh rarebit than anyone else in the United Kingdom. Her Royal Highness' hobby is photography, and on the occasion of the trooping of the colours at St. James' Palace last year, she amused the crowd by coming out with her camera and snapshotting various groups in the Palace Yard.

A birthday, which will be an extremely popular one, is that of SIR GEORGE WHITE, V.C., late of Ladysmith, who was born sixty-five years ago next Friday. Sir George is now receiving many mementoes of his glorious defence of the besieged town. One comes all the way from Greymouth, New Zealand. The people of that place are sending a gold brick, inscribed "To General Sir G. S. White, Defender of Ladysmith." On one side are the words: "This is a brick," and on the reverse side is the phrase: "You're another!"

Midnight mountaineering in bright sunlight is a joy few have experienced. An article on this subject, illustrated with exquisite photographs, in the July PEARSON'S, will be found good reading.

The Drama Under Canvas

Where Hamlet is Sometimes Played in Six Different Costumes.

Proud as we are of that spirit of progress which has filled almost to overflowing the cemeteries reserved for dead beliefs and mouldering superstitions, we yet somehow retain a lingering fondness for certain institutions which flourished in that uncomfortable period known as "the good old days." One of these is the booth.

In its palmy days the booth was one of the schools in which the young actor learnt his business.

To-day it affords a refuge for old actors who have outlived their popularity, and young ones lacking the ability required to secure employment in the higher grades of the profession.

You will not find the "drama under canvas" in our towns. They must be looked for in villages. There are scores of places remote from railway stations, the good folk of which, knowing nothing of Irving, Barrett, Tree, and Co., respect the booth, greeting it quite as heartily as did their forefathers.

It may have fled the large towns, but it is to be found in many of our villages. One of these was *en fête* the other day. The theatre and the play actors were expected.

When at last the Thespians did arrive, nothing could have exceeded the heartiness of the welcome. The excitement was tremendous, and the consumption of ale enormous.

In the booth under notice there are three college men, all of whom graduated with high honours, and two ladies of quite exceptional accomplishments of the non-theatrical order.

THE ONLY REALLY IGNORANT PERSON

in this company is the manager, who can neither read nor write. Naturally he is very sensitive, and greatly resents any allusion tothe subject.

In an ordinary theatre an actor would not even dare to allude to so delicate a subject as the educational shortcomings of his manager, but in booths the system of sharing the receipts amongst the company deprives the manager of much of his power, unless he and his wife play all the principal parts, which is frequently the case.

Sharing terms vary.

In the majority the receipts are divided into twenty-five shares, of which the leading man takes two, the leading lady two, the heavy man one and a half, low comedy one and a half, chambermaids one and a half, juvenile one and a half, responsible one, utility one, and walking lady one, thus absorbing thirteen shares. The proprietor of the show, it is needless to say, takes the lion's share of the remainder.

In places where the audience are not particularly affected by conceptions and new readings, costumes have much to do in the moulding of public opinion.

In a town the announcement that "Hamlet in the last act would wear a costume made of the finest velvet and trimmed with gold lace that once adorned the State costume of that great and immortal seaman, Lord Nelson, and which cost the management no less than £121," would dissolve the audience in inextinguishable laughter, but there are plenty of villages where the appearance of the melancholy Dane in a Court costume which had once graced the person of some living illustrious personage would warrant an increase in

THE PRICES OF ADMISSION.

It is recorded that this weakness of Hodge for costumes aflame with colour, and redolent in lace and fringe, once resulted in Hamlet being played by the low comedian of the company.

The manager, who had been to London for a couple of days, suddenly returned, and dispatching a hasty summons, assembled his flock on the stage.

When all were there he announced with great impressiveness that as *Hamlet* would be performed next evening, not only would every performer wear a new costume, but that the King would don three, and the Prince of Denmark six.

"But I am in mourning for my father and wear black all through," exclaimed the astonished leading man.

"I have long been of opinion," said the manager gravely, "that the dressing of Hamlet has been all wrong. To begin with, it is ridiculous for Hamlet to go on wearing black when the Court has gone out of mourning."

"But the lines allude to the colour of my clothes."

"Do you suppose," cried the proprietor with the light of battle in his eye, "that I am going to allow a few lines to stand in the way of my patrons seeing these beautiful costumes? Here is a lovely cerise satin doublet that will give a cheerfulness to the ghost scene in Act 1 which it has hitherto lacked. In this pale blue plush cloak and these orange silk tights you will present so gallant an appearance that it will be easy to understand why Ophelia loves you. You will receive the players in Act 3 in mauve satin trimmed with gold fringe. It's a lovely tint and was greatly admired last year in the ballet at the Empire. As you will be much more likely to frighten your mother in the closet scene in crimson than in black, you will wear this costume originally made for Irving as Mephistopheles. In the graveyard scene white silk trimmed with bullion fringe and gold embroidery will revive interest in a character which I have always contended dwindles after Act 3. You will fight Laertes in purple, purple being symbolical of blood. Here are the togs. Take great care of them. There will be a fine of twopence for every beer stain I discover after the performance."

"You won't fine me," exclaimed the shocked tragedian, "for I shall not wear them."

"Then you go. Leave my theatre. Begone!"

And go the actor did.

It was then discovered that the only other member of the company acquainted with the part was the low comedian.

This gentleman did not look the character, being comic in feature and dumpy in figure, but, on the other hand, having long nourished a desire to play this part he was prepared to swallow all scruples as to costume. "I will wear eight costumes if you like," he said.

This so delighted the manager that he permitted the little man to essay the character, which he did. His rendering was quite unlike anything which had ever been seen before, and likely to be seen again.

In booths the length of the visit depends entirely on the patronage accorded and the attitude of the representatives of the local County Council as to

EXITS, OIL LAMPS AND OTHER DETAILS.

But for that optimism which causes every provincial actor to cherish the belief that the day is not far distant when he will be offered an engagement in some West-end London theatre, the grinding poverty, to say nothing of the utter silliness of their daily work, would fill them with a horror of theatrical life.

Imagine the feelings of an actor who on being called on to inform the audience that as the effort to rescue his soul's idol from the dungeon of the impregnable fortress in which she is immured seems so hopeless the castle is certain to be his grave, sees on turning round that the structure in question has no existence save on a piece of canvas, which being insecurely fastened, the prisoner, to prevent it sinking from view, is compelled to leave her cell in order to pin up again.

For some unknown reason rustic audiences are very partial to plays of savage life.

Scenes in which the heroine, after being lashed to a tree, is rescued by the hero at the very moment when the savage is about to scalp her, never fail to bring down the house.

The mention of bringing down the house reminds me that there is a way of bringing down the booth which the company are always careful to guard against.

When erecting it, a sheltered spot is chosen, if possible. It is no joke to be called on in the middle of a windy night to stand by in case

THE FRAIL STUCTURE COMES DOWN.

After the elements have wrecked a booth, the spectacle next morning is presented of a number of ladies and gentlemen, busily engaged in repairing the damage with packing needles. On these occasions they appear quite indifferent to the comments of the grinning rustics watching them.

As Shakespeare is a name to conjure with in country places, many of the plays are altered with a view to securing more striking tableaux than the originals provide.

In one booth Richard III. never dies on the field of Bosworth. With such an ending two armies would be necessary, and the stages of most booths are too small to permit of the introduction of even one, so Richard expires of fright in the arms of Queen Anne.

In Hamlet a much more effective finish is obtained by making the King, after the discomfiture of Laertes, engage Hamlet in conflict. Just as the wicked monarch is going to stab his step-son, the ghost enters and touches him on the shoulder. This so disconcerts his brother that Hamlet is able to recover himself and settle his antagonist. Overcome with joy the delighted phantom clasps his son to his ghostly breast, and places on his head the crown.

The manager responsible for this most effective tableau contends that such a finish is not only in conformity with the modern demand for a happy ending, but does away with one of those dying scenes so destructive of costly wardrobe.

Emily: "I've got an invite to the charity ball, but I haven't the least idea what I am to go in. What would you wear, Fanny, if you had my complexion?"

Fanny: "A thick veil."

"I must confess to you," he said, in a burst of confidence, "I'm an odd man. I'd like to be different if——"

"This is so sudden!" she cried, throwing herself upon his neck. For she, too, was odd, and she had longed to be even.

The Gravy Was Cold.

Stanley (aged four years): "Mamma, please sing that lovely song called 'The Hash is Cold.'"

Mamma: "I don't know any such song about hash, Stanley. Is it a funny song?"

Stanley: "No, indeed, mamma; it's a 'sorrow song.'"

Mamma: "Well, I can't think what you mean."

A little later she sings from "My Dearest Heart," "The grave is cruel, the grave is cold."

Stanley (excitedly): "That's it, mamma, that's it! But I made a mistake. It wasn't the hash, it was the gravy."

Swift Retribution.

There was a wicked leer in Meandering Mike's eye as he saw the little girl coming out of the public house side door carrying a small tin pail.

"The idea!" he exclaimed to his comrade, "of encouraging sich luxuries in th' young!"

"It's our duty to stop it," was the rejoinder.

Before the little girl could turn the corner, the tramp loomed up before her and exclaimed:

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't see ye carryin' that pail any furder. It's agin me gallantry."

The little girl began to cry. Mike seized the pot, and in a moment had the bottom of it pointed towards the blue sky. The effect was volcanic. Foam flew in all directions. His one ejaculation solved the mystery:

"Soapsuds!"

And when the publican came out and desired to know why his children could not blow soap bubbles without being interfered with, the victim of poetic justice had not a word to say.

A Conscientious Woman.

She was a large, resolute-looking woman, and she sat in the lawyer's consulting-room and stated the case to him without any emotion.

"The thing for you to do, madam," said the lawyer, "is to sue the woman for alienating the affections of your husband."

"Can't I have her put in prison?" she demanded.

"Um—no. You can sue her for damages, though, and make the figure as large as you please."

"Damages, what for?"

"For robbing you of your husband, madam. It amounts to that, in reality."

"And you advise me to sue her for money?"

"I do?"

"Then I'll do it!" she exclaimed. "I'll make her pay his full value. Sue her as quickly as you can."

"What damages do you claim?"

"I am an abused and insulted woman," she replied, with dignity, "but I am a conscientious one. Make the damages about four-and-sixpence."

People Who Pay to Get Into Print.

Everyone has heard about the brainless—though not, unfortunately, moneyless—youths who, becoming "stage struck," pay handsomely for the privilege of having a walking part in a third-rate melodrama, and so earn the undying hatred of "supers," whose bread, by the way, they take out of their mouths.

In journalism there is an even larger and more impossible class of persons who, with plenty of money but no literary capacity, are consumed with a desire to see themselves in print. And they stick at nothing to get their wish gratified.

They wait for an editor's coming of a morning, and waylay him of a night as he goes home. Some of them give the names of well-known journalists in order that they may be admitted to see him, and others will call at his private address.

But this is only a part of their programme. Their great aim is either to become personally acquainted with an editor, or, if they cannot do that, to place him under an obligation. Very often they make him valuable presents, which he has to return, and send him invitations to dinner which he is "reluctantly compelled to decline." If they think he is fond of flowers he will have a bouquet every other day, and cigars and theatre tickets are the mere commonplaces of their offerings.

All these, of course, are useless, for the reason that if the editor printed their copy his occupation would probably be gone. This fact, however, never dawns on the wealthy would-be contributor, and it is often weeks before he transfers his attentions to another paper. Even then he may return to the one which first took his fancy.

As a rule, it is men rather than ladies who adopt this line of attack. But some ladies use it too, and they are the most awkward to deal with, because they are the most persistent.

How do astronomers weigh the planets? This is a poser—but Professor Simon Newcomb answers the question in the July PEARSON'S. You will be a wiser man when you have read his paper on the subject.

THE SORT OF THING THAT MAY COME TO PASS WITHIN FIFTY YEARS.

THE arrangements for the tour of a team of Parliamentary cricketers to the Colonies are, we hear, progressing satisfactorily.

The object of the tour is cricket, of course, but cricket with a purpose, the object being to bind more closely the Colonies to the Mother Country. There is little doubt that the interchange of visits between British and Australian teams has done much to promote a friendly feeling between England and Australia.

Such thoughts, however, did not enter the minds of the cricketers who left Australia a few years ago. They journeyed the twelve thousand miles for the simple purpose of playing bat and ball, and rather than trying to bring the two countries closer together, the Cornstalk batsmen strive to place as wide a gulf betwixt them as the English bowling would allow. But our legislators are touring to play cricket with a purpose.

This acknowledgment of the international value of cricket is a new departure in diplomacy, and may lead to many startling results. Perhaps a century hence the Cricket Club of Europe may be playing for peace with as much effect as, and more interest to the onlookers than, the present Concert.

The House of Commons is, we know, the best club in the world, but of its position as a cricket club we know little. It is to be hoped that the Parliamentary cricket team will be composed of capable players, for if the cricket of the British legislators is to be regarded by the colonists as a criterion of their ability to govern and their friendliness to the Colonies,

A DISASTROUS TOUR

might lead to the dismemberment of the Empire.

If the colonists were to see the weak batting, erratic bowling, and slovenly fielding of our M.P.'s, they would probably revolt from the rule of the conquered cricketers, and declare their independence.

On the other hand, a series of crushing defeats inflicted on the Colonial teams might lead to the same result, as a consequence of the alleged harshness and severity of the British cricketing M.P.'s, but if either of these dangers were avoided, doubt as to the fairness of an M.P.'s deliveries and his no-balling by a colonial umpire would lead to awkward international disputes.

We have, however, every confidence that the Parliamentary team will temper victory with mercy; we are only afraid they will be too merciful, not of choice, but of necessity. We, therefore, feel it incumbent upon us to warn the promoters of the tour of the advisability of including some first-class, reliable cricketers in the team. Mr. F. S. Jackson, of Yorkshire, has, it is rumoured, great political ambitions, and we venture to nominate him for the next vacant seat in the Commons, so that his services may be available for the approaching tour. His return to Parliament would be hailed with joy by all political parties, and the nation would feel that the honour of the House of Commons and the integrity of the Empire were

SAVED FROM ABSOLUTE DISGRACE.

Now that cricket has been acknowledged as of legislative value there is no saying to what ends it may not go. It may be naturally assumed that in the near future ability to bat and bowl will be an indispensable qualification for a Parliamentary candidate. By special arrangement with our own Mahatma we are able to produce the following address of a candidate for Parliamentary honours:

"In presenting myself to the electors of Puddleton as their representative in the House of Commons I feel that scarcely a word of introduction is necessary. My views are so well known that I need hardly recapitulate them. I am in favour of, and shall strongly support, the proposed measure for the abolition of the veto of the M.C.C., and the removal of its tyrannical and despotic powers and privileges as the first authority in the realm. Those powers and that authority rightly belong to the cricketers of this nation as elected by popular suffrage to the House of Commons Cricket Club. Too long has this noble work of reform and progress been hindered by the existence of this effete and decaying organisation.

"I am a strong advocate of the nationalisation of cricket grounds and the State establishment of a staff of professional cricketers. The proposal to include cricket as one of the subjects of teaching in elementary schools, with an extra grant for proficiency in the game, the number of matches won, and the general style and play of the pupils, will receive my warm support. I shall also, if re-elected, introduce a measure in the House, entailing compulsory cricket education on all males from the age of fifteen to twenty, so that the integrity and honour of our nation may be safe from the attacks of all bowlers.

"Of my services in the past I need scarcely speak. I have taken part in every match in the last list of fixtures against the Opposition, and in twenty-two innings obtained 995 runs, or an average of 45·22 per effort. I also captured 22 wickets at a cost of 12 runs each. In addition, I was chosen as one of the representatives of the mother country to meet New South Wales, when I scored 142 and 57, besides taking 7 wickets for 120 runs.

"Against Germany I had the honour of being highest contributor to that ever-to-be-remembered and glorious total of 2,769, with a score of 592. I also hold the international record of 10 wickets for 22 runs in the first innings of that match, and my services in that glorious victory, which once and for all settled the Teutonic endeavours to gain a footing in Cape Colony, are sufficient to justify my re-election! Without vanity I can say that I am the most dangerous batsman in the world on a fast wicket. For the Puddleton Club, which I have assisted whenever my Parliamentary and national cricket duties have allowed me, I have scored 342 runs for only once out.

"It is my intention to play cricket before you on the various grounds of this district; at the Puddleton Cricket Club on Tuesday next I purpose holding a great cricket match, in order to prove that my performances are equal to my assertions. I shall also be present there each morning and afternoon, and shall be prepared at the nets to bat against bowling of all electors, who may desire to become acquainted with my methods of playing, my style, and to test the soundness of my defence and the strength of my attack. I shall also be pleased

TO BOWL TO ANY ELECTOR

who desires to test the accuracy, length, twist, and cunning of my deliveries.

"It is with the greatest confidence that I offer myself to the cricketers of Puddleton, and if you re-elect me I shall strive to justify your choice by performing still greater feats on the field.—Faithfully yours, SLOWE YORKER."

The following are extracts taken from a contemporary of June 22nd, 1948:

"Mr. Darton, G.C.I.O.W.,* M.A.H.B.B.,† who has just been appointed to a County Court judgeship, is a most steady and consistent scorer. To bowling he does not pretend, but his steady stonewall play has saved the Government from defeat on more than one occasion by playing out time. He narrowly missed being chosen to represent the State in the match against Canada with reference to the proposed colonial contribution to the Imperial Bat Manufactory."

"There was a most exciting match yesterday at the Parliamentary ground. After the debate on the legalisation of the tea interval, Mr. Ballon moved that 'the match now be played.' The Captain of the Opposition opposed this on the ground that his best bowler was away ill. The resolution was carried, however, and the teams having been named, adjournment was made to the ground.

"The Government won the toss and went in to bat, but on a sticky wicket failed before the deliveries of the Captain of the Opposition.

THE BATTER FOR THE TREASURY

for once failed to stop the rot, and the whole side were out for 124. To this the Opposition replied with seventy-five for three wickets, and matters were looking awkward for the Government, and defeat seemed imminent when the Under-Bowler of the Foreign Office was put on. At first he was hit about with remarkable freedom, but finding a spot he became unplayable, and captured wicket after wicket. When the last Opposition man came into the field only one run was needed for victory. The first ball he hit into the long field, and the Home Secretary making a splendid catch, the Opposition were defeated by one run.

"It is rumoured that the First Bowler of the Admiralty has resigned on account of the criticisms passed on his bowling by the Premier. The blame he throws upon the bad fielding of the Government team. The interval for tea has thus become legalised by the narrow majority of one, but it is expected that there will be great opposition in the Lords, the Tory party, under the leadership of Viscount Stumper, being especially strong in batting."———

"A committee has been appointed to inquire into and suggest remedies for the scarcity of slow left-hand bowlers."———

"A movement is on foot and is receiving strong support for the erection of a statue to W. G. Grace in Westminster Abbey."———

"The defeat recently inflicted upon the Fiji Eleven by the Parliamentary Colonial team has led to considerable excitement and consternation there, which threatens to swell into rebellion. The decisions of the Imperial Umpire were received with much dissatisfaction."

*Grand Commander of the Imperial Order of the Willow.

†Master of the Ancient and Honourable Brotherhood of the Bat.

JUDGE: "Were you ever arrested before?"

Burglar Bill: "Say, now, your 'onner, do I look like an ammychewer?"

CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK.

BITS ABOUT OUR COLONIES.

AUSTRALASIA'S universities are open to women.

MAORIS are located in seventy-five different countries.

VOLUNTEERS were first enrolled in Australia in 1854.

THE New South Wales Naval Brigade was formed in 1863.

THE Indian population of Canada numbers about 100,000.

CANADIAN Indian girls are greatly sought for as servants.

AN acre of wheat can be grown in Canada at a cost of only £1 12s.

FOR wattle tree growing the seed must be scalded before sowing.

OF 8,000 aborigines in New South Wa'es over 3,000 are half-castes.

THE Westralian Government gives an annual grant for rifle shooting.

NEW SOUTH WALES was garrisoned by British troops from 1788 to 1870.

ENGLISH skylarks are to be found in and around Hobart, Tasmania.

THERE are 150 sheep flocks in New Zealand of upwards of 20,000 each.

THE Chinese of Tasmania—about 400—are confined to the alluvial tin mines.

THE Maoris elect four members to the New Zealand House of Representatives.

NEARLY all the larger animals of Australia have a pouch in which to carry their young.

THE policing of South Australia is computed to be 5,682 miles for each constable.

BY a wonderful provision of Nature the Canadian prairies, having no wood fuel, are remarkable for valuable coal deposits.

NEW ZEALAND shares with Iceland the distinction over other parts of the earth in freedom from all forms of cattle disease.

YACHTING is chief of the few British pastimes failing to find favour at the Cape, though Natal is represented by a sailing organisation.

THE same salmon can be purchased on the Canadian Western riverside at a farthing a pound for which we pay a shilling in this country.

FOR the North-West Mounted Police of Canada, the minimum height is 5ft. 8in., smallest chest measurement 35in., and maximum weight 175lbs.

BLACK prisoners in Western Australia are employed in farming, gardening, salt refining and line making. Their penal establishment is on a small island off the mouth of the Swan.

POISONED land, which is found in a few parts of Australia, is officially defined as land so infested with poisonous indigenous plants that sheep or cattle cannot be pastured on it.

THE dandelion, or Cape weed plant, was introduced to Westralia some years ago by a vessel carrying hay from the Cape of Good Hope, and is rapidly making its appearance over all the settled districts of the colony.

ALTHOUGH there are only two lifeboats on the coast of New South Wales, the steam tugs, a Government pilot steamer and all the whale boats at the various pilot stations give assistance and have rendered excellent service in saving life.

A TERRIBLE pest in New Zealand is the kea, a mountain parrot, which has a liking for the kidney fat of the sheep, to obtain which, he settles on the back of the unfortunate animal and tears away wool and flesh till the desired dainty is reached.

THE wandoo, or white gum, is a colonial tree which acts as a signal to the settler. The land upon which it is found growing most luxuriantly is invariably stagnant, sour, and sandy. Poison plants, too, are often found there, and the country is generally waterless.

A "ROUND UP" takes place twice a year on many of the Canadian ranches when the cattle, irrespective of owners, are allowed to graze all over the prairie, but in April and October they are separated by their various owners, the calves being considered to belong to the cows they follow.

THE most curious charity ever instituted was that for the relief of the aborigines of Newfoundland. Early in the century a society was formed for this purpose, and would have doubtless proved a success had the Indians not been extirpated some years before. The latter were not of the same race as the North American Indians, but were true "red" Indians.

THE defence of Queensland was provided for by an Act of Parliament passed in 1884, under which a force of about 3,000 men are at present enrolled. These comprise three classes, "Permanent Defence," numbering about 150; "Defence" (paid for each day's drill), some 2,000 strong, the rest being "Volunteers." Besides these, however, every male above the age of eighteen, and under sixty, helps to form one of four lines of "Reserves," according to his age and conjugal condition, and is liable for military service if required.

You might like to know, again, how the world will end. The July PEARSON'S will satisfy your curiosity as far as possible if you read the article on this enthralling subject, giving all the most probable theories.

ARE THE POOR LAZY?

THERE ARE, OF COURSE, EXCEPTIONS, BUT THE MAJORITY DON'T EXERT THEMSELVES AS THEY SHOULD.

THIS is a striking question, and, whatever the subject-matter, it is at any rate rich in data.

To get at the story of the poor we must study statistics.

The population of Great Britain in round numbers, is, say, 42,000,000. We are not all prosperous, everybody is not occupied with work, we have the poor with us, and to govern the latter the Government of the day has approved 640 boards of guardians for England and Wales, 66 for Scotland, and 159 for Ireland, these being the official channels organised for the distribution of gratuitous charity.

There are nearly one thousand workhouses under the jurisdiction of those boards, and from the latest Government returns on the subject we learn that nearly one million persons on the average are in receipt of benefits provided by the local ratepayers all over the country.

It is unjust as it is ungenerous to be hard on the poor, for there are thousands who are poor through no fault of their own, and who, despite their lowly condition, are nevertheless hard working and industrious, and anxious to improve their sorry lot. But such examples, it is to be feared, are very few and far between.

The bulk of the poor of this country are poor because of their own demerits, their own personal failings, their own neglect in failing to grasp the opportunity to do better; in short, they are lazy, and idleness suits them best.

Notwithstanding the melancholy which is associated with the question, there is nevertheless a side to it which is conducted with a certain kind of romance.

Take that division of ne'er-do-wells and "won't works." It is a powerful division this, and nine-tenths of the number are composed of able-bodied men. As many as 300,000 of these vagrants have been parochially relieved in one year, fed and housed in different places at the expense of the poor struggling ratepayer. You know these by the sobriquet of "born-tireds." You find them in every parish.

Put this class along with the division whose poor is content to work for just sufficient money to keep a roof over their heads and to buy some scraps of food to keep life going, and you have a section of the community which is really romantic in its aspect, and one which offers the following interesting problem: Are these thousands of human beings constructed differently from you? Are these poor lazy? Are these human dregs of society the unhappy children of an unkind fate, who has withdrawn from them that theme which sweetens your own existence—industry?

Although we have put it in the form of a problem, yet the answer is obvious. Such people are naturally lazy, and are built in such a way as to be positively unable to accept those conditions which establish your own happiness.

It is hard to say which is the worst form of laziness, that which is inborn in the casual, the tramp who carries his dirt and disease from town to town and begs as he goes and then sleeps at night in the fields or in the casual wards of the workhouses *en route*, or that type of idleness which is found in thousands of the poor who just do a little work and no more because of their heartfelt disgust for life, and whose poverty refuses to influence them to try to do better.

The latter form is, perhaps, the worst, for the mere fact of being floored by straitened circumstances ought not to suggest rebellion against industry, but such, however, is the view taken of the matter by many thousands in this country, involving much loss in the creation of money and trade, besides bringing about the infliction of individual misery.

There is no doubt that a vast deal of misery felt by the poor is caused by lack of education and want of technical knowledge, but the thing which is lacking most among the generality of the poor is the spirit of industry.

Intermittent employment, for instance, is a great evil, but instead of this reflecting on the intermittent workers themselves, it has been suggested that it is due to the badly organised condition of our industrial system.

Be that as it may, there are many outlets open to the struggling poor where labour could be made continuous although it might be of a varied type.

Take a house painter, for example. In the winter months he is hardly ever employed at his own work, so the more industrious of the class turn their hands to something else. What the rest do is left to the imagination. They are poor and remain so.

Other trades are equally affected by the seasons, and their more lowly or humble workers either take up something else for the time being to earn a few shillings, or they, like hibernating animals, sleep through their off season.

Going back to the original theme the consensus of opinion among those who have made a life-long study of the question is that there are two distinct classes of poor, the deserving and the undeserving, and that the latter are in the majority.

They are stamped as undeserving because of their tendency to idle habits.

Cautious Man.

"ARE you married?" he asked of the man who sat next to him in the suburban train.

"What's that to you?" was the ungracious retort.

"Oh, no offence meant; no offence at all. I'm a bachelor myself, but I've just been visiting a married sister, and I feel the need of expressing my views on children to some one. If you're married, though, possibly it wouldn't be wise."

Guid for the Dog.

IN a small village in the South of Scotland there was a dog famed for going into houses and stealing anything it could see, especially in the meat line. One day it entered a house and ran away with three or four pounds of mutton which had been bought that day from the butcher, who, by the way, only enters the village twice a week.

The mistress, on discovering her loss, at once ran to the dog's owner and complained of what it had done.

"Was it guid meat?" he asked.

"Guid meat!" said the mistress, "guid meat! I should think it was! I gied a shilling a pun' for't the day."

"Ah! weel, mistress," was the reply, "dinna fash yersel' aboot that; if it was guid meat it'll no dae the dog a bit o' ill!"

Thought Only of Others.

AT Stroud, in Gloucestershire, a certain well-known townsman had one night been out to a rather prolonged supper with some of his friends, and on his way home had the misfortune to fall into a pond which he had to pass, and which at that time of the year contained more mud than water.

Several people who saw him fall in rushed to his rescue, and a rope was procured and thrown to him, but he refused the aid offered, and commenced swimming for the shore in the most scientific manner, shouting out to those on the bank:

"Never mind me; never mind me—I can swim. Save the women and children!"

He evidently imagined he had been on board a ship which had suddenly sunk.

No Private Interview.

"COULD I have a few minutes' private conversation with you?" he asked as he stood at the open door of a lawyer's office the other afternoon.

"Can't you talk to me from where you are?" asked the lawyer in reply, after looking the man over.

"I'd rather make a private matter of it."

"What is the nature of your business?"

"Confidential—strictly private and confidential, sir."

"Well, I have no time to grant you a private interview. If you have anything to say, you can tell it to me now. Now, what is it?"

"I—I want the loan of a shilling, sir," stammered the man.

"Oh, you do! And you wanted a private interview to ask me that?"

"Yes, sir. I knew that it would hurt both our feelings if I were refused in public—yours because you couldn't afford to lend me the money, and mine because I couldn't get it. Can you grant my request, sir?"

"No, sir."

"And does it hurt your feelings?"

"Not a bit. You are mistaken on that point."

"And my feelings are the only ones hurt?"

"Yours alone."

"Just so," said the man, as he bowed and backed out. "I beg your pardon. I was mistaken. You have the money and no feelings, and I have the feelings and no money. Impossible chasm; no use in trying to bridge it. Good-day."

MRS. PECK: "You know very well, Henry, that I'm a woman of few words."

Henry: "True, my dear, but the few are shamefully overworked."

WIFE: "The newspapers say that Mr. Hamlet Smithers received an ovation. What does that mean?"

Husband: "The word 'ovation,' my dear, is derived from the Latin 'ova,' which means an egg. Ovation means a shower of eggs."

SCENE: Country road. Smartly-dressed young lady to bird-nesting urchin: "Oh, you wicked boy! How could you rob that nest? No doubt the poor mother is now grieving for the loss of her eggs."

Urchin: "Oh, she doesn't care. She's up in your hat!"

CONVALESCING IN CARDBOARD.

MILITARY HOSPITALS, BIKES AND BOATS, PICTURE FRAMES AND FALSE TEETH, CAN ALL BE MADE OF PAPER NOWADAYS.

THE average weekly output of English-made paper for newspaper purposes is about 5,000 tons. At the present moment, what with the increase in the price of coal and the recent disastrous paper mill fire at Sittingbourne, the smaller newspapers are already obliged to pay half as much again for their paper as before the war; whilst before the year is out it is not improbable that paper will have risen cent. per cent.

By the man in the street the above information will probably be considered of but small import. In reality, however, he is likely to be considerably more affected by it than he imagines. Truth to say, the manifold uses to which paper has been put of recent years are little short of astounding. An age in which the thousand and one articles, from the teeth in one's head to the roof above it, may be the products of the paper maker, cannot afford to remain unconcerned at the threat of a paper famine.

These words are not exaggerated. At the present moment, the convalescent branch of our great military hospital at Netley is housed in paper! To be precise, the military authorities have gone to Germany, Russia, and Denmark—presumably no British firm has entertained the idea as practicable—for a paper village. The result is a village of some half-hundred *papier-mâché* huts, in which the convalescent heroes of Magersfontein, of Colenso and Stormberg, are fast regaining health and strength with the kindly aid of the bracing Channel breezes.

These structures, which, in their way, are quite handsome pieces of dazzling white architecture, average about 36ft. in length, and contain ten beds apiece. They are well warmed by means of stoves, and are equally useful as summer bungalows or winter forcing houses. Besides its quota of spring mattress beds, each hut contains plenty of room for the necessary mess table and stowage of patients' kits.

The light is good; the ventilation, so important in convalescent quarters, excellent; whilst the cosy red curtains and general fittings of the huts are all that could be desired. The average cost of each hut is in round figures about £200, whilst its fittings run into another 25 per cent., or about £250 for the completely fitted edifice.

The manufacture of *papier-mâché* is by no means a modern invention. Curiously enough it was known in Cashmere, where it was utilised in the manufacture of trays, boxes and pen tray work, many years before we "up-to-date" Europeans came to the conclusion that there was anything in it.

In 1772 Henry Clay, of Birmingham, patented his process of manufacture, by which he turned out a great deal of decorative work for coach-building, door panels, and the like; whilst in 1845 a Mr. Bielefeld patented a process by which the material could be used for the purposes of internal decoration. Indeed, many a reputed plaster moulding or statuette gracing West-end drawing-rooms is mostly *papier-mâché*.

The miscellaneous uses to which it is put are legion. It scowls at you from the mask of the Demon King in the pantomimes; it grins inanely from the countenance of your daughters' 'wax' dolls; it is indispensable in the model rooms of botanical, surgical, and artistic societies; and forms a tough and fairly durable substitute for carved wooden picture frames, Japanned tea-trays, bowls, and the like.

In America the go-ahead Yankee has gone one better than the old country in his utilisation of paper products. For a long time he has fitted iron-tyred wheels of closely coiled paper to his Pullman cars. Now he has sprung paper bicycles upon us.

Like our own bamboo bicycles, the joints, lugs, bearings, etc., are all of the usual steel, only the main tubes being of paper. Nevertheless, there is sufficient originality even in a compromise of this nature to make the British purchaser hesitate before he trusts his neck to a paper wheel.

The tubing in question is made by winding a tough species of well-glued manilla paper some forty times round a template of the necessary diameter. It should be stated that the winding is done under great pressure somewhat akin to the process by which the wire-wound gun is strung together.

The completed tube is then subjected to strong hydraulic pressure from within, which forces the various layers into a homogeneous mass of almost steel-like rigidity. The final result is a highly-finished, featherweight machine, which is said (by its makers) to be fully as strong as any of our own Coventry-built bikes.

In Jubilee year, an enterprising Frenchman, thirsting doubtless for *la gloire*, successfully undertook a voyage from Paris to Marseilles and back in a paper boat. The hull of this curious craft was little more than one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and at times, especially during the voyage down the rapid Rhone, was subjected to severe strains. Nevertheless, it emerged absolutely undamaged from its trials.

The life of the lunatic convicts confined at Broadmoor is dealt with in the July PEARSON'S in a graphic paper by Mr. George Griffith, who has many strange stories to tell of madness and crime.

THE INVADERS.

A STORY OF BRITAIN'S PERIL.

By Louis Tracy.

Author of "The Final War," "An American Emperor," etc.

CHAPTER XXI. (*continued*).

Up to this point matters had seemingly progressed more favourably than he could have dared to hope a few hours earlier. Perhaps it was best to let things work out in their own way.

He was confirmed in this opinion by an occasional glance at Tom Pratt, for the boy's face was quite inscrutable, and he seemed to avoid rather than court inquiries from the man he had come to save. The Frenchman clearly did not understand the situation as between these two, but he also appeared to be masking his real sentiments.

About five o'clock some horses passed along the road outside the house. Deschanel blew a cloud from a cigarette, looked at the ceiling, and observed:

"Those are the vedettes going out to relieve the men who have been on duty all night."

"Oh, indeed," said the Colonel, being at a loss for a more suitable phrase.

There was no special reason why the Frenchman should have explained the cause of the passing cavalcade, and Forster experienced a sinking of the heart when he realised how absolutely treacherous this man might be. The mere fact that he proffered the explanation was in itself ground for disquiet.

Again did the Colonel look at his little friend, but Tom Pratt appeared to accept the presence of the cavalry as a perfectly natural circumstance which called for no comment whatever on his part.

The Frenchman did not seem to like the comparative indifference with which his remark was received. He went on:

"We have learned something you see, Colonel, from the mishaps occasioned to your armies in South Africa through want of proper scouting. No matter what happens, you will always find our positions enveloped by an impenetrable screen of mounted scouts; and equally, of course, you will be unable to lead us into any untenable positions when we attack you, for the eyes of our army will be miles in advance of its body."

Tom Pratt now thought fit to assume the *rôle* of questioner.

"What did you call those horsemen, mister? An impenetrable screen, was it?"

"Yes," said the Frenchman.

"Well," said Tom, "that lot may be impenetrable, but they ain't much of a screen as there's only a dozen of them all told."

"You are quick," said the Frenchman, darting a sharp glance at him. "It requires a highly-trained ear to distinguish by the sounds alone how large a body of cavalry may be passing a certain point."

"I do not want to use my ears so much as my wits," said Tom Pratt.

"I do not understand," said Deschanel.

"Don't you? Why, they were barely ten seconds in passing the house. There could not be a thousand of them if they flew, and as it was they were only walking."

Colonel Forster could have laughed at the man's discomfiture, but his thoughts were too grave to permit much merriment. He was quite certain that treachery was intended, but he felt rather than knew that Tom Pratt was fully alive to the exact condition of affairs, and the boy's quietly unconcerned demeanour gave him a strange confidence for which he could see no tangible reason.

At last the Frenchman consulted his watch, and said:

"It is half-past five. Shall we go?"

Oddly enough, he consulted the boy and not the Colonel. Tom Pratt accepted the position of leader with a quiet dignity.

"Yes," he said, "but there is no need for hurry, as the village is barely two miles distant, and you must remember, mister, that we are not due there before six."

The Frenchman seemed to be a prey to some great anxiety which he strove hard to overcome. He went out for a moment, moving with affected leisure, and stopping at the door to light another cigarette before proceeding to call the driver of the conveyance in which they had come from Hayfield.

This was the Colonel's opportunity.

"Be careful Tom," he whispered. "He means mischief."

"I've spotted him," was the laconic answer. They had no time for further conversation, for Deschanel immediately re-entered and indicated by a gesture that they should take their seats.

Day was now well advanced, a bright and beautiful spring morning, and it was a relief to their eyes to come out into the light and find the wonderful panorama of hill and valley, wood and stream of the Peak district revealed in all its majestic beauty.

The soldier who acted as driver glanced at his passengers curiously as they entered the vehicle. This man was, of course, quite unconscious of the causes which led to their mysterious journey. He was simply acting according to orders, but natural curiosity caused him to marvel at the strange manner in which the English officer had been carried about the country under the sole escort of a French infantry sergeant, armed only with a sword-bayonet, and accompanied by a queer little boy.

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The party was scrutinised with some interest by those occupants of the awakened camp who happened to be on the road.

Colonel Forster, with his soldier's eyes, noted the extensive lines of trenches which had been thrown up and covered the mouth of the valley, encircling a large section of the railway, but excluding Edale station.

The road itself had been diverted for strategic purposes, and he quickly perceived that an infantry advance to attack this position could scarcely hope to be successful. He would have thought it strange that he was not blindfolded were it not that he suspected Deschanel had some purpose in view which would effectually prevent any information which he (Colonel Forster) could note being made available to the British authorities.

However, the die was cast. They were now advancing leisurely through the main picket, and Deschanel had apparently so ordered things that they were not even questioned as to the purpose of their journey.

A mile beyond Edale cavalry vedettes could be seen at intervals sitting motionless on their horses. Forster could hardly repress a grim smile when he noted by signs unmistakable to his trained intelligence that these men, at least, had certainly not been relieved during the preceding half hour. Indeed, if other tokens were absent there was one thing certain—no body of horses had returned to the precincts of the camp since the departure of the troop already mentioned.

In another half mile they had passed beyond any living signs of the military occupation of this part of England. But they were now in the midst of the dread evidences of the previous day's action, and crowds of crows, with occasional kites and other carnivorous birds were gathered in horribly quiet groups near the misshapen heaps which cumbered the ground at intervals.

The Frenchman again consulted his watch.

"It is ten minutes to six," he said.

"That is all right," replied Tom Pratt. "We can stop here."

The three quitted the cart, and the Frenchman told the driver to there await his return. They then quietly walked in the direction of the village hidden behind its clump of trees.

When they neared the houses Tom Pratt led the way with a nonchalance and air of quiet certainty that astounded Colonel Forster while it certainly puzzled Deschanel.

The trio passed through the greater portion of the village street, and finally entered the garden of a moderately-sized farmhouse which stood well recessed from the roadway, and was flanked in the rear by the usual assemblage of stables, cow-houses, and corn-lofts.

A large gate afforded a passage to the farm premises by the left of the house, but the main building had a separate entrance leading through the garden.

There were no signs of life externally, but that did not appear to disconcert the boy in the slightest degree. He ushered his companions up the short gravelled path that led to the front door, and boldly entered the house without in any way announcing his arrival, turning straight into a sitting-room, which was, apparently, but a portion of a large apartment extending from front to rear.

It was divided in the centre by heavy folding doors, which served all the purposes of a wall so far as the exclusion of sight or sound from the other part of the room was concerned.

"Is this the p'ace?" said the Frenchman, who was nervously biting the ends of his moustache and making strenuous efforts to preserve a cool demeanour.

"It may be, or it may not be," was Tom Pratt's laconic answer. "You must wait here for a minute or two until I return."

Without further explanation he left Deschanel alone with his prisoner, and the former, who was obviously very ill at ease, laughingly remarked:

"That boy will make a conspirator some day."

"He certainly appears to be embarking in some such occupation at this moment," replied Colonel Forster.

"He is very much attached to you, is he not?" said the other.

"I have perhaps rendered him some slight services which are magnified out of all proportion by his gratitude," was the answer.

Forster did not know whether or not this was a wise statement, but for the life of him he could not refuse to acknowledge, even thus guardedly, the strong ties which bound him to Tom Pratt.

"Well," said Deschanel, "it is a wearisome business. I will be glad when it is finished and the papers are safely in my possession."

"Yes," said the Colonel, "it will probably be a great relief to all of us, and to none more so than your employer."

"My employer!" came the quick exclamation.

"It is the most convenient phrase. General Mercier must surely be aware of your position in these negotiations or he would never have trusted me so unreservedly to your care."

This remark did not appear to be exactly pleasing to the other, for he shrugged his shoulders and muttered:

"Ah, well, we shall see."

Both men at this instant fancied they heard the folding doors in the room creak as though some heavy body had leaned against them, and the Frenchman, alertly suspicious, had at once endeavoured to open them. This, however, he could not do. The doors were locked and bolted on the other side, and though he shook them violently he achieved nothing more than a complete demonstration of their strength and the security of their fastenings.

He had barely desisted when Tom Pratt re-entered, accompanied by a stoutly-built countryman attired in the everyday garments of a Midland farmer.

"Now, Mister What's-your-name," he said, "I am ready for you."

He produced a brown paper package securely tied and sealed, opened it, and displayed to the interested gaze of those in the room a small vellum-bound book and a number of documents—some on official paper, others ordinary letters—but the majority consisting merely of pages torn from memorandum tablets of different sizes.

"These are what you want, I think," he said.

Deschanel fastened upon them with the avidity of a bird of prey.

He opened the *dossier* and glanced at its contents, but soon threw it aside as unworthy of detailed scrutiny at that moment. He perused some letters, and his face instantly became more interested. The memoranda, too, seemed to attract his earnest attention, but it was, of course, impossible for him to devote much time to a task which he would doubtless find engrossing enough at a later hour.

"Are these all?" he said.

"That's the lot, mister," replied Tom Pratt.

"But how can I be sure of it? How do I know that some, and perhaps the most important, may not have been extracted?"

"Did not General Mercier tell you how many documents there were and what they were about?" went on the boy impassively.

The question confused Deschanel somewhat.

"No," he said; "that is—not exactly. He spoke to me in general terms, but no special number of documents was mentioned."

"Well," said Tom Pratt, "that's all I've got to give you. If there are any more they are not in my hands, and I am quite certain that you have now before you the exact number of papers, books and all, which were taken from General Mercier's house at New Mills."

"But," said Deschanel, turning suddenly to Colonel Forster, "you must know perfectly well whether the papers are complete or not."

Almost for the first time since they had met the Colonel found Tom Pratt's eyes fastened upon his with a warning expression in them.

Meanwhile, during the preceding conversation an odd thought had occurred to him. There was something, he could not say what, in the aspect of the contents of Tom Pratt's parcel which puzzled him considerably, and although he could not fathom the nature of the look so suddenly flashed upon him by the boy, he thought it was a fairly safe *rôle* to maintain the attitude he had already adopted.

"You must understand, sergeant," he said, "that I am in no way a party to this transaction. I have not been consulted. I am your prisoner and have been treated throughout as a mere piece of barter under conditions which I have not approved and may never approve. Yet I may candidly say that the documents before you seem to me to be those which were abstracted from your commander-in-chief's headquarters, whilst even I could not tell you whether or not they are intact."

"But surely," urged the Frenchman, "you must be well aware of their importance, and it is inconceivable that you should not know their number."

Before the Colonel could answer Tom Pratt broke in.

"Don't you see, mister, the Colonel here doesn't like to have it said that he bought his liberty by swapping himself for those papers which appear to be so mighty precious. As it is, no one can say he did it. He has had nothing whatever to do with it. I got them papers entirely off my own bat, and if any one is to be blamed it is me, but I really can't see why he shouldn't tell you the proper number of the papers he had in his possession, that is, providing he knows it."

Forster instantly took the cue thus given him.

"That is reasonable," he said. "There was one small book containing particulars of the invasion of Great Britain by the armies of France and Germany, and there were fifty-seven other documents."

Deschanel forthwith proceeded to count, and, to the relief of all parties, though for highly different reasons, there were fifty-seven separate papers in the parcel, not including the famous *dossier* itself.

Deschanel was about to resume his scrutiny of some evidently momentous letters which had caught his eye during his careful enumeration, but here Tom Pratt intervened.

"Now, mister," he said, "I have kept my bargain, and you must keep yours. Time is pressing. We have a long way to go, and your horse must be getting tired waiting for you. Are you satisfied?"

"Oh, yes," said the Frenchman, whose nervousness had wholly disappeared. "I am more than satisfied, and I hope that you can say the same."

Tom Pratt for some cause not readily discernible suddenly became frigid in his tone as he replied:

"You bet your boots we will keep our end up. Mr. Jenkins," he cried, turning to the farmer, who had stolidly surveyed the foregoing proceedings without a word, "will you kindly oblige?"

Instantly the farmer bellowed in a voice which startled both Forster and Deschanel:

"Open the door!"

There was a loud rattle of shooting bolts and locks, and with a crash the folding doors were flung wide apart, to reveal to the astonished gaze of the two unprepared spectators half a troop of men of the Queen's Bays crammed into the second portion of the room thus exposed to view. They were fully armed and accoutred, and their appearance was so truly unexpected that it would have been highly dramatic were it not that some of the troopers could not repress a broad grin at being so suddenly brought on to the stage.

Deschanel became pallid. He evidently feared that his life was in danger.

"Don't you worry, mister," said Tom Pratt. "We will keep our bargain as honestly as you keep yours. Gather up your papers and be off. No one will interfere with you, but it will be a terribly sad business if that body of scouts you were telling us about this morning should happen to fall in with us on our way to Bakewell. There is enough here to make mincemeat of 'em. But to make quite sure, there's as many again looking after the horses in the stables. It will

Marvellous! That's the only word to apply to the photographs which illustrate the article on "The Fine Art of Diving" in the July PEARSON'S. By studying these wonderful photographs, and reading the article, anyone can become an expert diver.

be a kind and Christian act if you can get that impenetrable screen of yours to keep out of harm's way."

Deschanel, whether from fear or rage, was speechless. Nevertheless he packed up the documents, nervously folded them inside his tunic, and forthwith quitted the room, breaking into a run the instant he gained the door.

"Now, sir," said Tom, turning to the Colonel, "will you please take command. I have done my bit, and that Frenchman means mischief. If I may respectfully suggest it, the sooner we quit the better."

A non-commissioned officer came forward, and saluting, said:

"Everything is ready, sir, for an instant departure. The horses are all saddled in the rear of the building. We brought your charger for you."

The Colonel at once gave the required permission, and in less than a minute found himself riding at the head of forty stalwart troopers, with Tom Pratt perched on the back of a huge troop horse by his side. The farmer, his two sons, and a labourer also joined them, and, without a moment's delay, the whole party struck into the high road and set off at a sharp trot in the direction of Bakewell.

They had barely gone half a mile when they suddenly came upon a small detachment of cavalry standing motionless by their horses under some trees at a bend in the road. These were Deschanel's scouts, whose mission it was to either capture or kill the Colonel and the boy at the very moment when they might have believed that they were speedily progressing towards safety.

To say that the unfortunate *chasseurs* were surprised at being thus pounced upon by a body of British horse four times their number is to feebly express their amazed consternation. They, of course, had heard the Queen's Bays clattering along the road, but as the sound came from the northerly direction of their own camp, and the nearest British lines were six or seven miles distant on the south side, they naturally assumed that some circumstance had arisen which necessitated the dispatch of some mounted men from the encampment.

Attempt at resistance they made none. Those who were lucky enough to be able to mount their horses scrambled off over the fields in wild dismay; while the British troopers, without delaying their advance by a stride, slashed viciously with their sabres at the few less fortunate individuals who could not get away. After this incident the onward progress of Colonel Forster and his bodyguard was unimpeded.

Half-an-hour's ride brought them to the British lines. Then they were enabled to draw rein in perfect security.

"Well, Tom," said the Colonel as he checked his horse to bring the boy alongside him, "this time you have surpassed yourself."

Tom Pratt, who was somewhat breathless with the excitement of the gallop, managed to laugh as he answered:

"Yes, sir, it was neat, though I say it as shouldn't."

"How on earth did you manage to get the papers there in time?" said Forster.

"Oh, that was not half the trouble, sir. I had to do a lot more than that. It was easy enough to get the right papers there, the difficulty was to get the wrong ones."

"Wrong ones! What do you mean?"

Tom Pratt for answer called out to the farmer, who was jogging along some little distance in the rear:

"Mr. Jenkins, where is the white package?"

"Here, my lad," cried the farmer, slapping a capacious coat pocket warranted large enough at any time to hold a couple of rabbits or a hare.

"That's it, sir," said Tom Pratt, jerking a thumb towards Jenkins. "He has got the collection we lifted from General Mercier. The French sergeant has carried off a lot of dummies, all mixed up and tumbled together anyhow in names and dates. I don't suppose there is a single line or figure in the whole boiling which is correct. Captain Hamilton and some of his friends must have worked like niggers last night getting them done in time."

"What on earth are you talking about, Tom?" cried the astonished Colonel.

"Don't you see, sir?" said the boy. "I had to get you out of their hands by hook or by crook. As soon as ever I guessed that you were taken prisoner I knew what would happen. The French general would give his eyes to get back his documents, and I could not tell, until it was too late to make other arrangements, that it might not be necessary to give them to him and to nobody else, so I just wrote a note to Captain Hamilton telling him the facts, and Mr. Jenkins here carried it to Bakewell for me.

"I arranged that the genuine lot were to be wrapped in white paper and the dummies in brown. Of course, as soon as I tumbled to it that that chap in spats was working a swindle on his own account, I palmed off the dummies on him. But that would have been no use if the general had come himself, as he would have spotted the difference in a minute. What a holy row there will be in Hayfield when the sergeant goes back and planks down a lot of faked papers in front of the general. Lord love us! but it will be as good as a play."

And Tom Pratt nearly fell off his horse with merriment and excitement combined.

"Do you really mean to tell me, Tom," said the Colonel, "that what you have given him are not even copies of the original?"

"That's the ticket, sir," said Tom Pratt. "If I ain't mistaken, Captain Hamilton would take care they would not be much use to anybody. I made it quite plain to him in my note that they were to be as like the real thing as two peas but to be mixed up in names and dates."

When they reached Bakewell the story became more detailed.

Tom Pratt's note reached Hamilton soon after ten o'clock. He had no difficulty in securing the *dossier* and the rest of the papers, as Forster himself had shown them to him the previous day. A regiment of willing workers expended their ingenuity upon the task of imitating the letters and memoranda as best they might, whilst confusing their text so as to reveal a series of perfectly diabolical plots for the subjugation of the French Republic and the utter annihilation of Captain Dreyfus.

A printer, pressed into the service, reproduced in tolerable facsimile the official and other printed headings, and a bookbinder, supplied with parchment from a lawyer's office, quickly prepared a small volume which exactly resembled the famous *dossier* in outward appearance.

By two o'clock the last stitches were made in the *dossier* and the last scroll written to reproduce the signature of some famous continental prince or statesman.

Supplied with the two packets, Jenkins led a detachment of the Queen's Bays back to his farm at a spanking pace, and they were safely secured in the building long before the body of foreign horsemen passed through the village on the treacherous errand devised by Deschanel's resourcefulness.

To return for the moment to the spy himself. It should be recorded that fear lent him wings when he quitted Jenkins' farm. He was in mortal terror until he reached the waiting conveyance, into which he jumped with a hasty order to the driver to get back to the camp at all speed.

The scoundrel realised that the British troopers would fall in with the ambush he had set to waylay Colonel Forster and the boy. He was terrified lest this unlooked-for accident should happen at a moment when he was not sufficiently removed out of harm's way when, perhaps, a desire for vengeance might send some of the Englishmen in pursuit of his precious self.

As it was, he drew a deep breath of relief once he was safely restored to his own quarters. Here he turned with feverish zeal to the task of making notes from the incriminating papers which he hoped to use with deadly effect for his own aggrandisement. At times he was perplexed by statements he encountered, and by the crabbed caligraphy by which some ingenious subaltern had disposed of a difficulty in the French language.

He had not time to accurately ponder upon these queer facts, as he knew that General Mercier would call him to account for any undue delay in restoring the papers whose disappearance had proved to be such a sore annoyance.

At last he had ended. He carefully secreted his own notes and then set off towards Hayfield. He was received joyfully by the General, who eagerly proceeded to scrutinise his invaluable papers in detail to make quite sure that they were intact.

General Mercier was first bewildered, then convinced, and, as a necessary sequel, convulsed with a frenzy of rage.

Mere words failed him. He, of course, at once detected the full extent of the fraud which had been practiced upon him as the result of his subordinate's needless interference. He seized the unfortunate sergeant by the shoulders and kicked him about the room until his strength failed him and his victim was well nigh insensible.

From that hour Mercier abandoned hope, and his joy can only be measured by his preceding despair when, at the conclusion of the campaign, Colonel Forster caused to be handed to him the original documents which had given such intense uneasiness.

In any case he could not have devoted much more time to his private affairs, as events in England were now shaping themselves in such fashion as to effectually occupy every hour in the absorbing duties of his position.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Crossing of the Ethrow.

Whilst General Mercier was still dusting the floor of his room in the inn of Hayfield with the body of the French spy, some highly important movements were taking place in the neighbourhood of Woodley Junction, a well-known railway centre on the Sheffield and the Midland joint line.

The Duke of Connaught had devoted his energies towards reorganising the troops who had so bravely defended Manchester, and those who accompanied him from Ireland.

He was specially weak in guns and cavalry, but a determined will, backed up by devoted efforts, did much in a few days to rectify these defects.

In his volunteer artillery regiments he had at least excellent raw material whence to form the genuine article; and throughout the whole of the volunteer force the percentage of men who were able to ride was very large.

It must be remembered that the Provincial volunteers differ largely in constitution and physique from the London or other Urban brigades with which the public are most familiar.

The county regiment very frequently consists of eight or nine distinct companies, which are separated from each other by many miles of territory, and never meet for the combined purposes of drill or manœuvres save during a brief annual encampment.

This predominant feature, though a disadvantage from the point of view of the drill sergeant, has, nevertheless, certain elements which go to make these country corps useful in other respects.

The members of each company know their officers and sergeants intimately. They are all lads hailing from the same district, and, being largely engaged in agricultural pursuits, there are few of them who are not sufficiently familiar with horses to be able to attend to the needs of these animals and remain on their backs when they are urged to a faster pace than walk.

So valuable did the Duke of Connaught find these characteristics to be, that he surprised those army officers from whom events in South Africa had not utterly knocked their too prevalent superciliousness, by the excellent mounted infantry he produced in a very few days.

His Royal Highness further betrayed a keen knowledge of the shortcomings too often exhibited by the British troops in Natal and the Orange Free State, and rapidly made it clear that he did not intend the lessons derived from the Boer Campaign to remain a dead letter.

One of his general orders was so much to the point that it may be quoted here *in extenso*:

"It must be clearly understood," he wrote, "that neither I nor any other of Her Majesty's subjects now require proof of the fact that British officers and soldiers are not afraid to meet an enemy in the open. So many proofs have been given of their capacities in this respect that unnecessary object lessons will not only be discountenanced in future but meet with stern disapprobation. An officer or man who does his duty and yet preserves himself intact in life and limb is rendering much more valuable service to his country than he who sacrifices himself with no special object in view.

"That occasions may arise during the course of the present campaign when regiments, brigades, or even whole divisions may be called upon to storm an enemy's position regardless of cost, is unhappily but too probable. There consequently exists all the more reason that the utmost care should be taken to safeguard all ranks when no such urgent loss arises.

"Consequently, I take this opportunity to issue a most emphatic command that officers will not only impress upon their men the absolute necessity of taking cover under every possible condition, but that they shall enforce this precept by their personal example. Already, on more than one occasion, I have noticed officers needlessly exposing themselves in the belief that by doing so they were encouraging their men. I decline to admit that the British soldier requires any such encouragement. A great many officers have lost their lives or become incapacitated by this foolish action, and have thereby inflicted a loss upon their country and injured the efficiency of the regiments to which they belong.

"Let it be clearly understood that in future I will regard any officer who needlessly exposes himself or his men to the enemy's fire as unfitted to exercise further command in the field, and I call upon brigadiers and regimental commanding officers to support me in this highly important matter.

"I trust that after this expression of my opinion there will be no need for public examples to be made of officers who wilfully disobey my instructions. Not only will stern punishment be meted out to offenders, but those officers alone who strive most earnestly to fulfil my orders both in letter and spirit may expect to be singled out for favourable comment and promotion."

This plain language from the royal prince elicited warm expressions of approval from press and public alike, and its effect upon the troops engaged in the field was very noticeable on the next occasion that they were called upon to face an enemy in position.

(To be continued.)

The Boss: "So you want a job, do you? What can you do?"

Applicant: "Nothing in particular—but, then, work is not so much an object as good wages."

A collector of subscriptions for the brass band fund once came across a farmer who was noted for his meanness. To his surprise the farmer at once consented to subscribe fully as large a sum as any he had yet received.

"Mr. Hardfist," he said, addressing the farmer, "you are surely very fond of music to give so much?"

"Oh, yes," said the farmer; "they're grand for scarin' the crows from ma 'taties when they're practisin', and I'm grateful."

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May happen at any moment, so sign the Coupon

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£2,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1900, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

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It is cooling to read of Arctic and Antarctic regions in the hot weather. Dr. Cook discusses in the July PEARSON'S the possibilities of man eventually reaching the four poles of the world.

4,000 VOICES UNDER TWO ACRES OF GLASS.

Some Facts About the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace.

The Handel Festival—the great triennial feature of Crystal Palace events—is not only the greatest musical gathering which has ever been attempted, but it also requires, to insure success, the very highest efforts in organisation.

Anyone who knows the difficulty of shaping a chorus of even twenty-five or thirty persons, must wonder how it is possible to get such perfect performances of Handel's great choral masterpieces when the choir consists of no fewer than 3,500 voices, most of the owners of which meet and see each other for the first time at the Grand Full Rehearsal which precedes the Festival.

Contingents from all parts of the country, and from all parts of London, make up this great body; and yet, except for two or three interruptions, when the venerable conductor, Mr. August Manns, cried a halt to secure a greater fineness of interruption, a listener must have thought that the great choir were accustomed to singing together; it seemed impossible to believe that to the great majority of them the experience was an absolute novelty.

The organisation necessary to achieve the result which has invariably been attained at these Festivals, and which on the present occasion is acknowledged to be greater than ever, bears this resemblance to Topsy, that it has "growed," like the Festival itself. The first Festival was held in Westminster Abbey on May 26th, 1784, twenty-five years after Handel's death, when the orchestra numbered 249 and the choir 268. The audience totalled 9,000 persons for the three days. The audience at the Crystal Palace for the rehearsal alone exceeded 20,000!

To organise a choir and orchestra of 4,000 persons—the number at which they have been uniformly maintained ever since 1859—it has long since been found necessary to parcel out the United Kingdom into districts controlled by "superintendents," who, during the three years' interval between the festivals, see that the various choirs regularly practice the Handel oratorios. Then, when the Festival approaches, the best voices are selected by these superintendents, who number among them some of the leading musicians of the country. By this method, not only are the various works thoroughly familiarised, but, by a process of exhaustion, the finest voices are selected to go to the Crystal Palace.

The last stage is reached a few weeks before the journey is made, when Mr. August Manns makes a tour of the country and conducts the final rehearsals, thus familiarising the various sections of the great choir with his reading of the works to be performed.

When the choral invasion reaches the Crystal Palace, the officials there have to prepare for them exactly as though they received a peremptory mandate from some conquering army of occupation. The commissariat is not the least important matter to prepare for. During the interval in the performance, it is no light task to provide for the wants of a suddenly released horde of 3,500 hungry choristers. The arrangements however, are so complete that there is full and separate accommodation for the "ladies and gentlemen of the chorus," which is quite distinct from the arrangements for the public.

Something very nearly approaching military discipline has to be observed. A very marked instance of the perfection with which the arrangements are carried out was afforded the public at the last grand rehearsal. In the first part of the performance, the inclusion of the majestic double choruses from "Israel in Egypt" necessitated the splitting up of the great choir into two sections.

After the interval they had to be re-arranged as a single chorus. This necessitated the shifting of the positions of almost every individual member of the great body, and yet at the resumption of the performance every chorister reached his or her place without noise or confusion.

Handel's works were not very popular in his own days, and the enthusiasm evoked by them on the part of his admirers led to a keen rivalry between his followers and those of Benancini, another composer. This was the origin of the well-known couplet:

For not a difference can I see
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.

That lack of full appreciation was a serious matter to Handel is proved by the fact that he had to trust to Irish hospitality for the production of "The Messiah." This immortal oratorio was first heard in public in 1742, at a music-hall in Fishamble Street, Dublin; and was at once accorded such enthusiastic recognition that at the second performance "the ladies graciously consented to leave off their hoops, so that more people could be accommodated."

Handel was born in 1685 in Germany; he arrived in England in 1710, became a naturalised British subject in 1726, and, dying in 1759, was buried in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey. During his lifetime, "The Messiah" was performed thirty-nine times, "Judas Maccabeus" thirty-four times, and "Samson" twenty-nine times.

Lord Rosebery's Legs Painted.

A capital story is being told of Lord Rosebery's stockings. At one time, when he was visiting relatives in Dunfermline he was one of a house party who gave a number of amateur performances.

In *Rob Roy* Lord Rosebery was a chieftain of the triumphant clan. At the last minute it was found he had no plaid socks to go with his kilt, and a stage hand painted the nether extremities of the now famous statesman in the required colourings.

Towards the middle of the second act his lordship warmed up considerably to the part, and he could feel the paint trickling down to the floor in great drops. But he was not prepared for the remark which greeted him from the front row at the opening of the next act, when an old Scotchman said:

"Your plaid is getting mighty traitorous. If you don't put some ice on yourself your colours will be running into each other, and you'll be worse than a Campbell in the last act."

It almost broke up the performance.

"Mary Ann, I told you if you cracked another china teapot you would have to pay for it."

"Yes, mum, but I didn't crack this one; I broke it."

"Has your Majesty heard anything more about the partition of China?" inquired the Chinese Prime Minister.

"No," answered the Chinese Emperor, absent-mindedly; "but I think we may as well sell that historic wall of ours to some building contractor. So far as keeping these foreigners out is concerned, it doesn't amount to any more than a lath and plaster partition."

A BICYCLE FOR THREEPENCE.

A bicycle is offered to the reader who makes the cleverest anagram out of the sentence THE LATE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

With each attempt must be inclosed at least three penny stamps—more if you can afford it. All money received will be placed to the credit of the Fresh Air Fund.

All attempts must reach this office in envelopes marked "Africa" by Monday, July 9th.

The Editor's decision is final, and all competitors must enter on that understanding.

THE GREAT QUERY COMPETITION

First Prize, £50. Second Prize, £10.

Each of the pictures below represents a question and an answer. The first is: "Why did the whale wail?" "Because the smelt smelt!" What are the remainder? Write your questions and answers in the spaces left blank, and keep your attempt till *two* others have appeared. The first prize will go to the reader from whom we receive correct answers to all these riddles. In the event of a tie, the prize will be divided. The Editor's decision must be final, and competitors must enter on that understanding.

1 Q. Why did the whale wail?
A. Because the smelt smelt.

2 Q. .....
A. .....

3 Q. .....
A. .....

4 Q. .....
A. .....

5 Q. .....
A. .....

6 Q. .....
A. .....

7 Q. .....
A. .....

8 Q. .....
A. .....

9 Q. .....
A. .....

10 Q. .....
A. .....

Name..... Address.....

HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Sprinkle Borax in places infested with insects, and they will speedily disappear. This is an inexpensive remedy.

A Good Sauce for Stewed Fruit is made by boiling half an ounce of fine sago in a pint of milk, till the grains almost disappear.

Wooden Bedsteads, now so very fashionable, should be wiped at this time of year with spirits of turpentine. Every lath should be lifted and rubbed with the turpentine.

Use Hard Water for Tea, wherever it is possible, as it extracts less tannin from the leaves. The tannin is very injurious to those suffering from weak digestion and dyspepsia.

When Marble is Spotted, sprinkle some powdered borax where it is stained, and then wash the surface with warm water, using a soft cloth. Afterwards wash this cloth, and then boil it and put it away for future use. A good housekeeper always keeps a supply of old linen cloths for polishing purposes.

The Dressing for the Hair which I think you will find pleasant is made as follows: Dissolve half an ounce of the best white wax in seven ounces of almond oil. When nearly cold add any perfume preferred, such as twelve drops of oil of cloves, ten drops of essence of almonds, or twenty drops of essence of lavender. When cold it is ready for use. (*Reply to* H. J. N.)

Savoury Stewed Kidney. Cut two kidneys into slices, and put them in a stew-pan with two ounces of butter and four or five sliced onions; season with pepper and salt and a teaspoonful of made mustard, and simmer very gently for three-quarters of an hour. Then add some nice gravy and stew all together for a quarter of an hour. Thicken, colour, and season to taste.

Blankets and Bedding during the hot weather should be constantly taken into the open air, if the situation of the house permits it, and well shaken and beaten. If there is a grass plot spread a large sheet on it and put the mattresses, etc., on it for a couple of hours in the middle of the day. The blankets should be folded away carefully wrapped in a piece of old linen, and then in newly-printed newspaper. Moths object to printer's ink, and very seldom go near anything wrapped in it.

Broad Bean Salad is very popular in my household, and should be used in many others. Take a dish of cold boiled beans, remove the skins, and place in a salad bowl with some thin slices of lean ham or tongue. If you have some lettuce, add it to the beans and ham. Sprinkle a little chopped parsley over all, and then add the dressing, which should be made thus: Beat a raw egg, add to it a little dry mustard, pepper, and (gradually) three large tablespoonfuls of salad oil. Work all thoroughly together, add a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar, and another of common vinegar.

Timbale of Beef. Boil in a long stewpan four ounces of macaroni that is as little broken as possible. When tender drain it in a colander. Grease a plain mould and line it with the macaroni, putting a twist at the bottom, and winding it in rows round the mould. Take any remains of beef, chop it finely, and add the remains of the macaroni; pulp two small tomatoes and make into a spongy mixture with breadcrumbs and beaten eggs and milk; season according to taste. Press into the mould, cover with a piece of greased paper, and steam for an hour or longer according to size. Turn out to serve, and pour thick gravy or tomato sauce round.

Is Your Appetite Flagging? Half the cases of exhaustion which occur in the summer are due, not only to excessive heat, but to mal-nutrition. You don't feel hungry, so you go without your lunch. That is very wrong. One does not require, as in winter, a quantity of farinaceous food, but regular and suitable meals are a necessity. Your appetite wants tempting, in fact, and, recognising this, the editress of HOME NOTES is giving away, with every copy of HOME NOTES this week, a sixteen-page booklet full of recipes for "Tempting Dishes for Flagging Appetites." These little booklets will be given away every other week in future, but remember that they cannot be obtained without buying HOME NOTES, the price of which is One Penny, as hitherto.

Rags should never be thrown away because they are dirty, but set to soak in cold soapy water

Marigold Flowers should be gathered on a fine day, dried in the sun, or in a cool oven till crisp, then kept in bottles for flavouring stews, soups and gravies.

Pipeclay is the Best for your Doorstep in preference to any other of the preparations you mention, as it keeps clean for several days in dry weather, and doesn't come off on the dresses. (*Reply to* EVE.)

French Tomato Cheese. Melt one ounce of butter in a pan with a tablespoonful of tomato sauce, stir carefully and then add two tablespoonfuls and a half of grated cheese. Stir all together, add a few drops of lemon juice and cayenne pepper to taste. Serve very hot on pieces of toast.

Raspberry Jelly and Custard. Stew three-quarters of a pound of raspberries in half a pound of cold water till tender. Sweeten to taste, strain the juice and put it in the saucepan again, bring it to boiling point, and then stir in two ounces of cornflour, previously made into a smooth paste with cold water. Stir while boiling for five minutes, then pour into a wet mould. When cold turn out to serve, and pour custard round. This jelly is equally good made with any kind of fruit.

To Give Paper the Appearance of Parchment try this recipe, and you will have a very tough substance. First procure some concentrated sulphuric acid and mix it with half its quantity of water. Pass some rough paper of good quality quickly through this, wash it in several waters, and the change is effected. Have a pair of tweezers to hold the paper with, as such a strong solution is apt to burn the fingers and cause pain. (*Reply to* FLO.)

Try Haricot Veal while carrots and turnips are nice and small. Take two pounds middle of the neck of veal, carrots, turnips, one pint of green peas, onions, and seasoning. Divide the veal into chops, and take off the long bone, just above the fillet piece. Fry all to a rich brown, then the onions sliced, and add a pint of nice brown gravy, some young carrots and turnips, and simmer for an hour. Now add the peas, and simmer for half-an-hour longer. Season all with pepper and salt, and place on a hot dish.

Avoid Sleeping on Thick Pillows, for by bending the neck unduly these interfere with the outflow of the venous blood from the head. A moderately thin pillow, that just fills up the space above the shoulders, is most suitable, and generally promotes refreshing sleep. As a rule people sleep on the side, and, therefore, without any pillow the head would be uncomfortable and considerably lower than the body. Children should be encouraged to sleep with only a thin pillow and no bolster.

Fire Hand-Grenades should be found in every household, as they are in institutions, hotels, etc., where they have often proved of great value in preventing a large fire. These grenades are so easily made, that really nobody need be without them. Take quart bottles of equal shape and fill with a saturated solution of common salt and cork tightly. When the fire breaks out the bottles should be thrown into it with sufficient force to break them. The salt forms a coating on whatever article it touches and renders it incombustible.

Cream Cheese. Since you desire a really good recipe for this, I send you the following: Take half a pint or more of cream, the thicker the better. Pour the cream into a wet cheese-cloth, and lay it on a dairy pan for an hour. Take a perfectly clean knife and scrape off any cream that has stuck to the cloth and lay it on the top of the cheese. Tie it up somewhat loosely and hang it up to drip; open it from time to time and remove any cream that has stuck to the cloth and place it on the top. When it has stopped dripping, the cheese is ready, and will turn out easily. In summer a few hours will be sufficient for this.

Cherry Jelly for immediate use, such as you wish to make, is best prepared as follows: Take two pounds of sweet dark red cherries, stem them, and carefully remove the stones. Pound the kernels and squeeze over the juice of three lemons. Set the cherries in a bowl and mash with a wooden spoon; add a gill of red currant jelly and the strained juice from the lemons. Boil slowly together one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pint of water, and half an ounce of gelatine dissolved in hot water. Pour the syrup and gelatine over the cherries, and then let all run through a flannel bag twice. Taste and add more sugar and lemon juice as required. Pour into a decorated mould and turn out when set. (*Reply to* LAVINIA.)

Isobel

HINTS TO SMALL INVESTORS.

Under this heading we reply to letters upon subjects connected with the investment of money. Careful consideration is given to every question submitted to us. Letters to be answered in the next possible issue must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning, and be addressed to the Investment Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

SEVERAL correspondents have written recently to ask whether it is wise to keep money on deposit at 2½ to 3 per cent. at the present time. In view of the many sound Preference shares and Debentures that have been referred to in this column from time to time, it should be obvious that depositors satisfied with 2½ per cent. simply ignore their own interest. With markets in their present state 4 per cent. to 6 per cent. can be obtained with security, whilst the investor has the happiness of knowing that his investments will rise in value when business is more active.

THOSE who dabble in Westralian Mining shares will do well to study excellent articles being published in the ECONOMIST written on the spot by the Special Commissioner of that journal. They exemplify the reckless man in which we at home form a favourable opinion regarding a property which experts at the mine hesitate to decide on. Take Hannan's Brownhill as an example. This Special Commissioner—an expert—has paid more than one visit to the mine, and whilst acknowledging that dividends for some time may be at the rate of 100 per cent., he continues: "I do not know enough about the real value of the mine to attempt even an approximate valuation of the shares."

OF the big Westralian Mining companies and the scandalous manner to which their shares have alternately been rigged and "beared" in the market, comment has previously been made in *Pearson's Weekly*. But here are a few brief hints that may be useful to shareholders in others. The South Kalgarli is distinctly over-valued. The Associated Northern Blocks is promising, but purely as a speculation. Boulder Main Reef shares are now at a price at which holders will be wise to sell. Hannan's Central are a fair speculation at present price. North Kalgarlis are risky. Week by week small investors will receive hints on Westralian shares in this column. The advice is given after careful study of the best authorities.

THE non-cumulative Preference shares of H. Herman, Ltd., are still at a price yielding 6 per cent., and from what we know of the business being transacted by this company, the shares are well worth consideration. A remunerative newspaper speculation, though not entirely without risk, is the Ladies' Pictorial Publishing Company, Ltd., the cumulative Preference shares of which yield 6½ per cent. A high yielding debenture is that of the Savoy Hotel (1918) which at the present time yields nearly 5 per cent.

To those who are not afraid of the liability customary to Banking and Insurance shares, it will be interesting to note that the shares of the following Insurance companies yield 5 per cent. to 5½ per cent.: The Imperial Life, the Law Fire, and the Rock Life. The Employers' Liability yields nearly 6 per cent.

FROM the number of questions that have been asked regarding a certain firm in Billiter Street, it appears to be still necessary to warn readers against these circularising so-called brokers. The firm in question invites its correspondents to send any sum down to £5 to be used for the purpose of speculating in South Eastern Railway Deferred Stock. It is impossible to reveal the secrets of the firm's system in the small space available. But those who have sent inquiries may be assured that it rests on the policy, "Heads I win, tails you most likely will lose."

THOSE who followed our advice regarding Home Rails at the beginning of the year must become more convinced week by week that they acted wisely. Of course, it is impossible to form a definite conclusion from the published weekly traffic receipts, as these figures are only approximate, but experts are none the less definite in their conviction that coal rates and capital charges will, to use a slang expression, play "old Harry" with dividends.

PERSONAL ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

C. (Herne).—We do not think favourably of the Bank shares you mention. Central Londons should eventually prove a good investment. ——W. W.—Send more details of the company.——F. W. J.—We do not trust this a cumulative system.——"Uitlander."—The only Phœnix Gold Mining Company we know is Westralian. Send further details. ——S. W. (Blackheath).—Better hold.——L. G. (Glamorgan).—Should avoid these people and their cumulative system.——T. R. (Liverpool).—Through a broker. It is scarcely worth investing under £20.——R. C. —It is scarcely worth while investing £5 in Government stock.—— E. R. B.—We do not believe in Chaffers or Boulder Bonanza shares.—— H. J.—A man of your means will be foolish to speculate in Home Rails. ——W. J. K.—They are not members of the Stock Exchange; we have sent you name of a genuine broker.——W. M. W.—Borax Consolidated Pref. are a good investment, but not the others.——Q.—Do not have anything to do with them.——"Hal."—City of London Electric Pref. are worth holding.——"Omega."—Of the two we prefer Lipton Pref.—— "Paterfamilias."—Write to your broker for a list of Trustee stocks.—— "Gambler."—You have no remedy.——W. K. (Kensington).—Temperance. Both are sound offices.——J. E. L.—Lyceum Ordinary shares are too speculative.——"Lux."—Hold Hendersons and Chartereds.—— R. H.—(1) Yes. (2) Yes.——"Major."—We cannot answer sporting questions.——"Working Man."—We do not recommend building societies of this class.——T. M.—The company was wound up in 1897.—— "Patrick."—Bovril Pref. are the only likely shares on your list.—— "Anxious."—They are quite respectable.——E. W.—There is no such company on the Stock Exchange list.——W. B.—No.——"Pensioner." —Better not dabble in Southern Deferred stocks.

POSTAL RATES.

Name of Publication.	One Year	Half Year	3 Months
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Pearson's Weekly	8 8	4 4	2 2
Home Notes	8 8	4 4	2 2
Short Stories	6 6	3 3	1 8
The Sunday Reader	8 8	4 4	2 2
M. A. P.	6 6	3 3	1 8
Illustrated Weekly News	6 6	3 3	1 8
Pearson's Magazine	9 0	4 6	2 3
Royal Magazine	6 6	3 3	1 8
Dressmaking at Home	2 6	—	—
Home Cookery	1 6	—	—

ALL POST FREE.

1900. APRIL.					MAY.					JUNE.					JULY.					AUGUST.				
S	1	8	15	22	29	S		6	13	20	27	S		3	10	17	24	S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30	M		7	14	21	28	M	4	11	18	25		M	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24		T	1	8	15	22	29	T		5	12	19	26	T	3	10	17	24	31
W	4	11	18	25		W	2	9	16	23	30	W		6	13	20	27	W	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26		T	3	10	17	24	31	T		7	14	21	28	T	5	12	19	26	
F	6	13	20	27		F	4	11	18	25		F	1	8	15	22	29	F	6	13	20	27	
S	7	14	21	28		S	5	12	19	26		S	2	9	16	23	30	S	7	14	21	28	

SEPTEMBER.					OCTOBER.					NOVEMBER.				
S	2	9	16	23	30	S		7	14	21	28	S		4	11	18	25
M	3	10	17	24		M	1	8	15	22	29	M		5	12	19	26
T	4	11	18	25		T	2	9	16	23	30	T		6	13	20	27
W	5	12	19	26		W	3	10	17	24	31	W		7	14	21	28
T	6	13	20	27		T	4	11	18	25		T	1	8	15	22	29
F	7	14	21	28		F	5	12	19	26		F	2	9	16	23	30
S	1	8	15	22	29	S	6	13	20	27		S	3	10	17	24	

LANGUOR

AND

LIVER TORPOR.

THAT TIRED AND DROWSY FEELING YOU SUFFER FROM AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR IS CAUSED BY LIVER DISORDER, WHICH CAN BEST BE REMOVED BY A COURSE OF KUTNOW'S POWDER.

SAMPLES SENT FREE.
SAMPLES SENT FREE.

At about this time many people are suffering from a tired and run down feeling. They have little inclination to eat and work. They are drowsy during the day, yet when night comes are unable to sleep.

All this is simply a proof that the liver is disordered and torpid, as a result of which the blood, nerves, and tissue have become filled with acid and alkaline impurities.

Restore the liver to activity, and remove these impurities from the system, and the summer lassitude and other summer troubles speedily vanish.

We are confident that nothing does this more quickly, effectively, and less unpleasantly than Kutnow's Improved Effervescent Carlsbad Powder. For restoring a disordered liver to healthy activity, and cleansing and purifying the system, nothing equals Kutnow's Powder. In order to convince our readers of this, we send a sample free to everyone that applies.

If, therefore, you suffer from summer lassitude, and your liver is torpid and deranged, take a course of "Kutnow's" and see what the result is. If it does not give you quick relief, we could not afford to spend so much money in advertising, as the purchasers of a bottle of the Powder would not buy a second one.

Kutnow's Powder is composed of the medicinal, purifying, curative properties of the noted health springs of the Continent, which render it a certain remedy for all disorders of the digestive functions, and make it a perfect purifier of the blood and tissue.

Whether the trouble be connected with the liver, stomach or kidneys, nothing will relieve it more effectively than a course of Kutnow's.

WRITE FOR A FREE SAMPLE.

For Seven days Messrs. S. Kutnow & Co. Limited will send of KUTNOW'S POWDER a SAMPLE FREE and POST PAID to every adult applicant who, in writing, mentions *Pearson's Weekly*.

KUTNOW'S POWDER may be obtained in capsuled bottles, of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Price, in Great Britain only, 2s. 9d. per bottle, or post free (in the United Kingdom only) for 3s. from the London office. See that the Registered Trade Mark, "Hirschensprung" (or Deer Leap), and the autograph facsimile signature, "S. KUTNOW & CO. Ld." are on the label and carton. Only these insure genuineness. Insist on "KUTNOW'S," and firmly refuse any substitutes, as they are worthless.

Proprietors: S. KUTNOW & CO. Limited, 41 Farringdon Road, London, E.C.
Proprietors in U.S.A.: KUTNOW BROS. Limited, 853 Broadway, New York City.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A ROSE by any other name would smell as sweet,"
But there is only ONE NAME for the original and best

LIME JUICE CORDIAL,

AND THAT IS

ROSE'S.

ROSE'S LIME JUICE is supplied to H.M. Government for the use of the Troops in South Africa, H.M. Navy, the United States Government, the Hospitals, and the Red Cross Societies, &c.

CYCLES.

BARGAINS. — 1,500 Machines, new and second-hand, from 30s. each; agents wanted; wholesale list free any address.

WARRELOW & CO., WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

Sulpholine Lotion.

For Clearing the Skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance.

SHILLING BOTTLES.

AGENTS WANTED

For the Sale of First-class Fountain Pens. Special Terms to Reliable Agents.—THE STAR Stationery Co. Ltd., 24 Curator St., Chancery Lane, London, E.C. Sample box free.

"IBIS"

Ease soon as applied. Bottles, 7½d. & 1/1½, Chemists.

"WHITE ASH" TOOTH POWDER

for Natural and False Teeth. Boxes 6d. All Chemists. EITHER, post free from

A. ROBINSON

L.D.S., Dentist, 39 Seymour St., Liverpool. Free, Sample "White Ash" post free.

THIS IS THE SHOE YOU WANT.

An "IDEAL" Summer Shoe.

Made with strong Plaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than leather with ordinary wear. We are constantly receiving repeat orders from customers who have worn a single pair 1, 2, and 3 years. Comfortable and healthful, noiseless, give thorough ventilation. Enclose length walking shoe. Prices (Post Free):

Quality (colour, Brown)	Children's.	Ladies'.	Gents'
A. Plain Shoes ...	1s. 6d.	2s. 9d.	3s. 6d.
D. Superior Canvas (excellent's)		3s. 6d.	3s. 6d.
E. Velvet Uppers (Black) ...		3s. 6d.	3s. 3d.
Felt Slippers (best Black)	1s. 0d.	1s. 3d.	1s. 6d.
Leather Soled Shoes (supr.)	3s. 6d.	4s. 6d.	4s. 9d.

PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 82K, Bath Street, GLASGOW.

Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties post free, 1d.

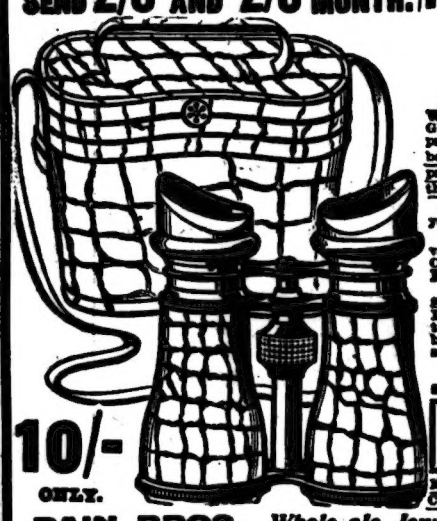
As a safe, Permanent, and Warranted Cure for Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Sores of all kinds, Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, and all Skin and Blood Diseases, we can with confidence recommend

Clarke's Blood Mixture

It is certainly the finest Blood Purifier that science and medical skill have brought to light, and therefore is a real specific for Rheumatism and Gout. It has stood the test for 30 years, and the thousands of wonderful cures effected by it have stamped it as one of the most extraordinary medicines of modern times. Sold by chemists, &c., throughout the world, at 2s. 9d. per bottle. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

ENJOY YOUR **WALKS AND HOLIDAYS** WITH PAIN BROS.' MARVELLOUS

YOU SEND 2/6 NOW, AND 2/6 PER MONTH.



'COASTGUARD'

RACE, LAND, SEA, AND THEATRE GLASSES.

'WORTH A GUINEA A GLASS.'

A grand opportunity to enjoy your WALKS, HOLIDAYS, &c., with these Glasses, as we offer them at this astonishing price, Post Free, 10/-, on approval, or will be sent post free on receipt of 2/6 and your promise to pay 2/6 monthly for the next three months.

If 10/- is sent with Order, we will send you post free with the Glasses a

FREE BONUS GIFT, value 1/-. Choose what you like from our CATALOGUE OF BARGAINS. MONEY RETURNED IN FULL IF WISHED FOR.

Eight Powerful Lenses, Gilt and Nickel Slides and Eyeshades, Brown Crocodile Leather Body, with Shoulder Strap and Case to match complete. Size when closed, 4in. by 3in. This is one of our numerous Bargains; see many others by writing to-day for our

BARGAIN CATALOGUE, gratis and post free, illustrating Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Cutlery, Electro-Plate, Musical Instruments, &c., at Wholesale Prices for WEEKLY or MONTHLY PAYMENTS, or FREE BONUS GIFTS FOR CASH.

AGENTS WANTED.

10/- ONLY.

PAIN BROS., *Wholesale Jewellers*, HASTINGS.

KIMBALL'S

OLD GOLD

CIGARETTES.

ALWAYS LET YOUR MAXIM BE,
NOTHING BUT "OLD GOLD" FOR ME.

LASTLY.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

CONSIDERING the admitted advantage of the electric light over gas and oil lamps in the matter of cleanliness, L. J. would like to know if there would be any saving of life—accidents excluded—if the former were to supersede the latter entirely for illuminating purposes.——Anything that gives off impurities must be detrimental to health in some measure. It has been calculated by a statistician that if the suggested condition of things ever comes to pass, there will be 40,000 lives saved annually in the United Kingdom.

A. W. comes to me with a most important inquiry, on the answer to which, she says, depends the lifelong happiness of two people. The other day her young man took her out to tea, and, of course, they had shrimps. (What would tea in such circumstances be without shrimps?) She took up one of these crustaceans and remarked: "Shrimps are baby lobsters." Whereupon that young man became quite crabby, and told her not to be silly. She said that she would write and ask *P.W.*, and he made use of an impolite observation with reference to her favourite journal. So they don't speak, and though that young man was waiting outside for her at the very time she was writing, she will have nothing to do with him until this answer appears and he makes an apology.——If that young man waits outside until this issue appears, I am afraid he will be pretty tired. I have sent messages to the oldest inhabitants all over the country, but I cannot find any authentic record of a shrimp having grown into a lobster; all I can discover is that the shrimp is a relative of the lobster. Some years ago an evolutionist said that the crab had once been a lobster, but as it had been too lazy to use its tail it had gradually lost that member and developed into a wretched thing which had to walk sideways. On the same principle, the shrimp may have been a lobster too lazy to do anything at all, and so has shrunk to its present proportions. I have done the best I can for you, A. W. I am sure you will be satisfied, and I am equally certain that when the young man reads this and you present him with the pencil-case I am sending to you, accompanied by the usual kiss of reconciliation, he will write me a handsome apology.

J. A. sends me an account of an interesting incident of a recent thunderstorm. A large ash tree at Lutterworth was struck by lightning and caught fire inside the trunk; at first only a little smoke was visible, but about three hours later a flame was seen and the interior continued to burn steadily from Thursday morning till Friday evening. During this time the whole of the trunk was completely burnt away, the only support being the bark, which at length gave way. During the thirty-four hours the tree was burning, the leaves on all the branches remained green and healthy.

B. G.—When a person is exhausted through long compulsory fasting, as is the case of entombed miners, sugar will increase the vital heat more quickly than anything else. It is more readily assimilated by the exhausted system than bread, and will revive where albumen fails.

£250 AWARDED.

Result of Pretoria Competition.

Special telegram to the TIMES.

PRETORIA.

"Union Jack was hoisted on the Government Buildings at twenty minutes past two to-day, June 5th."

Special telegram to the DAILY TELEGRAPH.

PRETORIA.

"Lord Roberts entered the city at 2.18 p.m., and at once had the Union Jack hoisted over the Raad Buildings."

We received a telegram also from one of our correspondents at the Front confirming this news, and immediately had the coupons searched to see who was the lucky winner.

The £250 goes to

MR. R. BARRINGTON,
119 Shankill Road,
Belfast,

whose coupon, cut from SHORT STORIES, was dispatched to us on March 3rd, Mr. Barrington filling in the date of June 5th and the hour at 2.20 p.m.

Mr. R. Winder, 6 Giffin Street, Deptford, London, S.E., also sent a coupon on which he had written the date of June 5th and the hour 2.20 p.m., but he did not dispatch this coupon to us until March 12th.

According to the conditions it will be remembered that we said in the event of two people, or more, getting the time and date correct, the award would go to the competitor whose coupon was first received.

We must congratulate Mr. Barrington on his success, and a cheque for £250 will be in his hands before this paper and announcement reaches the public.

THE winner of the prize in connection with the Paris trip offered to those associated with Transportation is Mr. Jones Penry, Vaga House, Llandrindod Wells.

A FRIEND tells me "that in a few years there will be very few ironed collars, cuffs, or fronts worn, as the people are beginning to appreciate the advantages and extra comfort of wearing collars and other linen articles unironed. Do you think there is any possibility of ironed wearing apparel going out of fashion to this extent?"——I don't think you will live to see the day for which you are longing, and even then your laundry bill would not altogether disappear. Although there will be a reduction in the quantity of hard-boiled linen worn, we shall always retain it when we wish to appear fully dressed, just as the high hat is worn, although it does not meet with general approval by those who like comfortable head-gear. It gives a finish to the dress, and that is the case with our stiffened linen. Americans, however, are rapidly discarding the high stiff collar and immaculate shirt in favour of coloured soft apparel with a low collar. I have seen them at work in this outrig in their offices in New York, and they look anything but smart—though, to be sure, the shirts are in this matter antagonistic to the brains.

I HAD a call the other day from a colour-sergeant of a Derbyshire volunteer regiment—one of those well-set-up, sturdy fellows who have done their twenty years with the corps, and who are the backbone of the Volunteer service. While talking about rifle clubs and shooting, he mentioned incidentally that there was in his company an iron moulder, who spent his days in staring at glowing molten iron, and yet who was the best shot in his company. This struck me as a remarkable fact, and if any other readers can tell me of similar properly authenticated instances there are a couple of guineas waiting for the sender of the best instance of the kind. Names and addresses of men dealt with must be sent, but not for publication. Address your post-card to the "SHOOTING EDITOR," to arrive not later than the morning of July 9th.

WICKET.—No fewer than 1,179 cricket bats were made from one big red willow that was sold in Essex last year.

F. R. is grumbling because he has had to travel several times lately in a freshly-painted railway carriage. "The smell was almost intolerable," he writes, "and I should like to know if the company cannot do something to carriages which are so painfully new."——I suppose that the company found it necessary to run the coaches as soon as the paint was dry enough. The remedy would probably be worse than the malady, if some stronger odour were introduced; and the old plan of having a saucer of water wouldn't work. Fancy a saucer of water on the rack just above your new silk hat. The only thing to do is to smell and bear it.

I WANT to have a word with those correspondents who are kind enough to send in the many excellent contributions which are received every week in reply to the "Questions Worth Answering." Within the last six months the replies received have not only trebled and quadrupled in number, but they have also grown individually to a length which makes their acceptance in many cases impossible, in spite of their manifest excellence. A very large number of them, otherwise entirely suitable, have to be rejected simply because they are essays on the subject of the question, and not, strictly speaking, replies to it. Many of them would occupy a column if they were inserted, and hence they represent just so much wasted time to the writers. They should always, if possible, be kept within two hundred and fifty words, and should never exceed three hundred. A terse, well-condensed reply always has twice the chance of insertion that an equally good one of double the length has.

T. H. S. of Corning, U.S.A. writes: "I notice in your issue of April 28th an account of a pole with an iron hook on the end used in the village of West Lavington, Wiltshire, for extinguishing fire. I would say that in this city, viz., Corning, New York, U.S.A., there is in existence a volunteer fire company called the Alliance Hook and Ladder Company, which was organised in 1856. Upon an outbreak of fire, this company responds, and with the use of ladders and long poles with hooks attached, tears down the burning building. Of course, it must be understood that it is only within recent years that buildings in this part of the State were built of anything but wood. The motto of this fire company is: 'We destroy to save.'"

"I HAVE been struck with the fact that animals of the present time are smaller in stature than their predecessors of bygone days," writes M. T.; "we have no mammoths now. Is there any theory as to the cause of this?"——Investigation has demonstrated that the brains of animals are larger now than they were formerly; the rhinoceros of our day has a much larger brain than the rhinoceros of the tertiary period. It would seem that the brain has grown at the expense of the body—a condition of things which may be seen in children whose active brains are permitted to work while the body suffers from lack of exercise. Natural selection is probably the reason of this change in animals.

F. B. writes: "I should very much like to know if the following doesn't take the proverbial 'bun' as an instance of stupid, even criminal meanness: In one of the large cotton towns of Lancashire, there is a man in fairly good circumstances who, on his family assembling at breakfast, asks his children: 'Who will have a penny instead of breakfast this morning?' When they come into dinner he asks: 'Who will give up their penny for some dinner?' And if they have spent the penny they get no dinner. This is no concocted fairy tale, but the plain unvarn'shed truth, and is well-known to all the people in the neighbourhood."——Do any of my readers know of other authenticated cases of this kind?

ON Monday next the first FRESH AIR FUND excursion will take place, and six hundred tiny children will be taken down to Loughton, in Epping Forest. Only those who know Loughton and its beautiful surroundings can appreciate what this statement means to the six hundred pairs of little eyes and the six hundred little insides, for the scenery is as beautiful as any to be found in London, and the food is just as good and wholesome as you or I could wish to eat.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £3220 3s. 2½d.

A. B., £2 2s.; Blackrock Erin, 5s.; East Finchley, £1; A. E. Crookham, 1s. 6d.; J. B., 10s.; C. O. J., 3s.; Lucy and Napier Hamilton, 6s.; H. H. Y. 10s.; Mollie, 1s. 6d.; M. C. 3s.; A. Elsey, 1s.; Expectation, 5s.; Mrs. Bull and Whelps, 9d.; J. W., 3s.; M. F., 2s. 6d.; G. Lovell, 1s. 6d.; Miss Bender, 2s. 3d.; Ralph and Rol'o Broome, 2s. 3d.; Hambledon, 10s.; Mrs. Shepherd, 2s.; Anon, 4½d.; Mrs. Thorpe, 1s. 9d.; West View, 4s. 6d.; Cyril and Brian Johnson, 3s. 3d.; Anon, 2s. 6d.; Two France, 1s. 7d.; Mrs. K. R. Mackenzie, 3s.; C. Bates, 2s. 6d.; G. W. Best, 5s.; D. G. Ednie, 1s.; F. A. Pearce (Durban), 10s.; Dorothea Wharton, 10s.; Anon, £1; Anon (Manchester), 1s. 6d.; E. E. Stephens, 1s. 6d.; Anon, 3s. 9d.; Jennie McAllister, £1 2s.; Mrs. Walker, 1s.; C. E. B., 9d.; W. M. B., 2d.; Anon, 10s.; E. Wright, 1s. 6d.; J. and E. B., 4s. 8d.; Sailor, 7s.; Mrs. L., 2s. 6d.; Miss Studdert, 5s.; S. R., 2s. 6d.; Yours Truly, 9d.; E. C., 5s.; Dinnie Paisy, 2s. 6d.; I. Singleton, 2s.; M. B. Murray, 3s.; F. H. S., 1s.; J. W., £1 1s.; J. A. Sauer, 3d.; J. F. Cameron, 2s. 6d.; F. J. Chard, 2s. 6d.; Eve, £10 10s.; High House Farm, 1s. 6d.; W. Gaul, 1s.; T. H. Susans, 1s.; A Friend of the Little Ones, 9d.; Five Little Paddlers, 2s. 9d.; Anon, Nether Edge, Sheffield, £1; F. W. R., Peckham, 1s. 6d.; Miss Phillips, 7s.; J. B. Whitelaw, 1s.; J. A. Bailey, 2s. 6d.; E. James, 1s. 6d.; E. M. Colvin, 2s. 6d.; Riponian, 1s. 6d.; C. Angus, junior, 6s.; A Well-Wisher, 3s.; D. W. Williams, 10s.; In Memory of dear Sissie, 1s. 6d.; What I Gave I Have, 3s.; Nora Williams and Gladys Pinson, 3s.; Mollie, 9d.; Cuss Fund, 2s. 6d.; G. H. T. Farington, 5s.; Travellers in the 8.22 a.m., per W. Y., 5s.; E. M. Smith, 2s.; Mrs. Gavin's compliments, 2s.; Anon, 1s. 6d.; A. Macauly, 10s.; M. B. Macdora, 1s.; An Art Student, 10s. 6d.; B. G. Magrath, 1s. 6d.; May E. Cooper, 10s.; Anon (Bedford), 9d.; Exiled, 5s. 6d.; B. G., 1s. 6d.; E. S. A., 9d.; Sympathiser, Griffithstown, 9d.; Samuel Street (Leeds), 2s. 9d.; A. Shirley, £1 1s.; A. E. Barclay, 5s.; E. E. Cohen, 3d.; Four Commercial Travellers, per R. Q. Forbes, 13s.; One Kiddie, 9d.; A. M. B. A., 9d.; S. S. S., 1s. 6d.; Reader of *Express*, 6d.; F. M. S., 1s. 11d.; Languide, 9d.; H. S., 2s.; Anon, 9d.; Wastrel, 6d.; T. N. W. and L., 1s. 6d.; T. W. N. 9d.; In the Master's Name, 2s. 3d.; Miss B. Tonge, 9d.; A. T. Brown, 9d.; Anon, 6d.; Wood Green, 1s.; A. M. M. 2s. 7d.; S. A. D., 2s. 3d.; Mrs., 3s.; W. S., 1s.; C. P. H., 6d.; Mrs. Bruce, 1s. 6d.; Ashburton, Southsea, 4s. 6d.; E. F. Moorhouse, £1; H. S. S. 6d.; Dr. Rowe, 1s. 6d.; Kingston-on-Thames, 6d; Reader of *Express*, 6d.; The Tower Children, 2s. 3d.; Mrs. Wiggins, 10s.; L. G. B., 9d.; Anon (Bath), 1s.; Country Yokel, 1s. 6d.; Anon, £1; Louie Fat, £1 1s.; R. Budden, 9d.; Emily, £1; Lizzie Wolverhampton, 1s. 6d.; Sayd, 1s.; J. Bass, £1 12s.; Colonel Nefean's compliments, £1; Anon, £1; Mrs. Richards, 3d.; Mrs. R. E. Bancroft, 5s.; C. M. W., 3s.; A Well-Wisher, 2s.; Seabreeze, 10s.

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ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. Satisfaction Given or Money Refunded.

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A Costume wholly beyond the Skill of Imitators. American Revers, tight-fitting back and loose front. Fastens with barrel buttons, but may be worn open or closed. Skirt the latest full shape. **10/6** Price complete, only **10/6**; carr., 6d. Skirt alone, 5/6; carr., 5d. Removable Washing Collar in Strong White Drill, 1/3; or in Fine Creme Serge, 1/6. Chenille Toque, as sketch, 3/11; carr., 6d.

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A Stylish Design, consisting of the latest Skirt with one box pleat at back and smart bodice with full front. Revers from shoulder meeting in front and being prettily trimmed with fancy braid. **10/6** Price only **10/6** complete; carriage, 6d. Skirt alone, 5/6; carriage, 5d. Also in Strong Khaki Drill for 12/6; carriage, 6d. Good Straw Hat, as sketch, 2/11½; carriage, 5d.

COSTUMES supplied in WHITE DRILL, COSTUME COATING, FAWN DUCK, or CHEVIOT SERGE.

Colours of Serge or Coating: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Khaki, Grey, and Royal Blue.
Sizes in Stock of Ladies' Costumes are 34, 36, 38 in. round bust under arms; Waists, 24, 26, 28 in.; Skirts being 38, 40, 42 in. long in front. Any other size made to measure, 1/6 extra.

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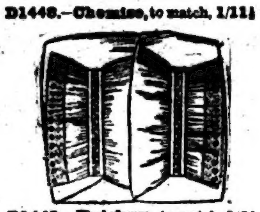
"A Shapely Corset & a Strong Support."
THE J.N. DUCHESS CORSET 5/11
made in best materials on up-to-date scientific lines, with straight busks. Price only **5/11**; safely packed in box and carr paid, 4d. extra. A high-class corset at a small price.

All the Goods here shown are very well made and finished, and fully Guaranteed by John Noble Ltd.

D1447.—White Longcloth Nightdress. Feather-stitching and frills, edged lace. Price, 3/11.

D1448.—Chemise, to match, 1/11½



D1449.—Knickers, to match, 1/5½.

D1941.—Ladies' White Cambric Shirt Blouse, of specially good make, **3/3** as sketch, lace front, and linen collar and cuffs. Price 3/3. Postage, 4d.

COMPLETE SET (1447-9) as above, 7/-. Postage 6d.

A CAPITAL SEASIDE OR HOLIDAY COSTUME.

MODEL F79.—A Sailor Costume, consisting of plain skirt trimmed cream Russia braid, with cotton underbodice attached, full sailor blouse, trimmed braid and finished at collar with sailor's knot; cream flannel vest. In the **John Noble Cheviot Serge** or **Costume Coating.** Navy or Black. Lengths and Prices:

19	21	24	27	30	33	36 in.
4/9	5/6	6/6	7/6	8/6	9/6	10/6 each

Carriage, 4d.

Sailor Hat, as sketch, 1/11½.

THREE SPECIAL LINES IN LACE CURTAINS.
Bedroom Curtains, in White or Cream, latest designs, 3yds. long, 2/6 per pair.
Dining-room Curtains, 50in. wide, 3½yd. long, 5/- per pair.
Drawing-room Curtains, extra fine Swiss Designs, 60in. wide, 3½yd. long, 7/6 per pair.

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KILLS BUGS. FLEAS. MOTHS. BEETLES.

Sold in Tins 3d., 6d., 1s. each

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ASK FOR "KEATING'S POWDER" AND TAKE NO OTHER

KEATING'S NEW PATENT BELLOWS FILLED ... WORKS
Blow the Powder ... crevices ... the Beetles ... they are compelled ... out and ...
USED BY ALL TRAVELLERS
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Has proved itself one of the Best Soaps ever used. STILL HOLDS THE LEAD. QUALITY PERFECT.
BUY IT, PROVE IT, AND SECURE A PRIZE.

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15,409 HANDSOME PRIZES, VALUE £6,641 10s.

LIST OF PRIZES:

	£	s.	d.
1 Cash Prize, £50	£50	0	0
2 Cash Prizes, £40 each	80	0	0
5 Pianos, £40 each	200	0	0
3 Cash Prizes, £30 each	90	0	0
3 Cash Prizes, £25 each	75	0	0
5 Cash Prizes, £20 each	100	0	0
5 American Organs, £20 each	100	0	0
20 Ladies' Bicycles (free wheel), £17 17/- each	357	0	0
20 Gents' Bicycles (free wheel), £17 17/- each	357	0	0
5 Cash Prizes, £10 each	50	0	0
10 Cash Prizes, £7 10/- each	75	0	0
10 Cash Prizes, £5 each	50	0	0
20 Cash Prizes, 50/- each	50	0	0
50 Gents' Rolled Gold Waltham Levers, 50/- each	125	0	0
300 Ladies' Sterling Silver Watches, 30/- each	450	0	0
200 Cash Prizes, £1 each	200	0	0
250 Electro-plated Teapots, 15/- each	187	10	0
500 Gents' Umbrellas, 15/- each	375	0	0
500 Ladies' Umbrellas, 15/- each	375	0	0

	£	s.	d.
100 Pairs Witney Blankets, 15/- pair	£75	0	0
500 Cash Prizes, 10/- each	250	0	0
500 Handsome Meat Carvers, with Steel in Case, 10/- per set	250	0	0
500 Gents' Gun-Metal Watches, 10/- each	250	0	0
500 Ladies' Umbrellas, 7/6 each	187	10	0
1000 Ladies' Dress Lengths (Navy, Blue Serge, 6yd. double width), 7/6 each	375	0	0
400 White Linen Table Cloths, 70in. square, 6/- each	120	0	0
500 Cash Prizes, 5/- each	125	0	0
500 Brushes and Combs in Handsome Cases, 4/6 each	112	10	0
2000 Cash Prizes, 4/- each	400	0	0
2000 Ladies' Leather Handbags, 4/- each	400	0	0
1000 Handsome Pictures, "Charge of the Light Brigade," 4/- each	200	0	0
2000 Handsome Work-boxes, 3/- each	300	0	0
2000 ½-doz. Fine Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, 2/6	250	0	0
15,409	£6,641	10	0

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Every Tablet of **WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER** is enclosed in a Wrapper with signature up the centre of same. Save the WHOLE Wrapper (tops of Wrappers will be disqualified), and send, postage or carriage paid, to **JOSEPH WATSON & SONS Ltd., WHITEHALL SOAP WORKS, LEEDS,** not later than September 30th, 1900. Each package will be counted as one lot; separate entries must be sent under separate covers. If any parcel arrives, postage on carriage not being fully paid, such parcel will be refused. Be careful to see that the full postage is paid. Each parcel sent in must contain the full name and address of sender, and number of Wrappers sent in must be marked on the same paper. On outside of parcel write legibly "**Prize Competition.**" The prizes will be awarded in the above order to the senders of the highest numbers of Wrappers. A list giving result of Competition will be enclosed with each prize when it is sent out. Every Wrapper must have first contained soap. No employee of JOSEPH WATSON & SONS Ltd. will be eligible. All Prizes will be despatched about October 25th

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Is pleasant to use, its washing qualities are well known. Dirt flies before it, and the washing is done quickly and easily. **It has the Largest Sale of 1-lb. tablets in the World.** Sold by all Grocers, Oilmen, &c., throughout the United Kingdom.

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On Monthly Payments. Enormous stock. New and secondhand, from 10s. monthly. Carriage paid. Free wheels and rim brakes. Illustrated Lists post free to any address.—THE SILVER QUEEN CYCLE CO. Ltd., 221 Tottenham Court Road, London, W. Open till 9 p.m.

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... an envelope (stamped and addressed) and ... you how to remove all superfluous hair ... charge. (Send no money).—Address, ... Miss R. L. (Room 8), 185 Oxford Street, ... W.

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Carriage Paid. Discount for Cash.

	Monthly
£9 10s.	14/3
£11	16/6
£13	20/-
£12 12s.	21/-
£14 14s.	24/6

LISTS POST FREE

Write for New Season's List. JUNO ... £10 0s. 16s. 8d. Monthly. Roadster, £10 10s. 17s. 6d. Monthly. Accessories (over 100 pages) sent Post Free. ... Brake, 1/-. Stand, Cyclometer, 10,000 m., 1/10. METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO. LTD., Cycle School and Works, 75, 76 Bishopsgate St. ..., E.C., and Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

ENABLES A CHILD TO REMOVE AND REPLACE THE TIGHTEST COVER.

Impossible to Rip the Inner Tube or Damage Rim.

Price in Steel, N.P., 9d., from cycle dealers, or post free from

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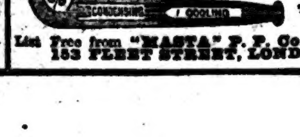
"Being a very wet smoker I cannot enjoy a pipe for long, but since using your 'Masta' I find the difficulty overcome, and can now smoke the pipe of peace in comfort and am recommending it to my friends as being *the* only patent."—FRED H. FLEMING, 147 Victoria Road, Leeds. Representative of W. D. and H. O. Wills, Bristol. Dec. 2nd, 1899.



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24 for 1/6. 12 Cabinet Portraits, 5/6; 6 for 3s.; 3 for 2/-; 12 Carte Portraits, 2/6; 6 for 1/6; 8-inch Portraits, 3/-.
Permanent Enlargements. Send Carte or Cabinet with Postal Order to
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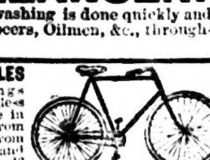
Any Chemist or Stores can get it for you; 1/- per packet of 18 doses. Send stamped envelope for Free Sample. **KAPUTINE Ltd., Huddersfield.**

"COOPER" CYCLES



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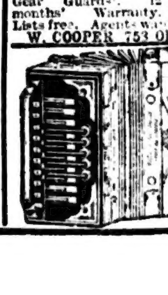

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